TWENTY-ONE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BROOKLYN STRIKE IN THIS NUMBER.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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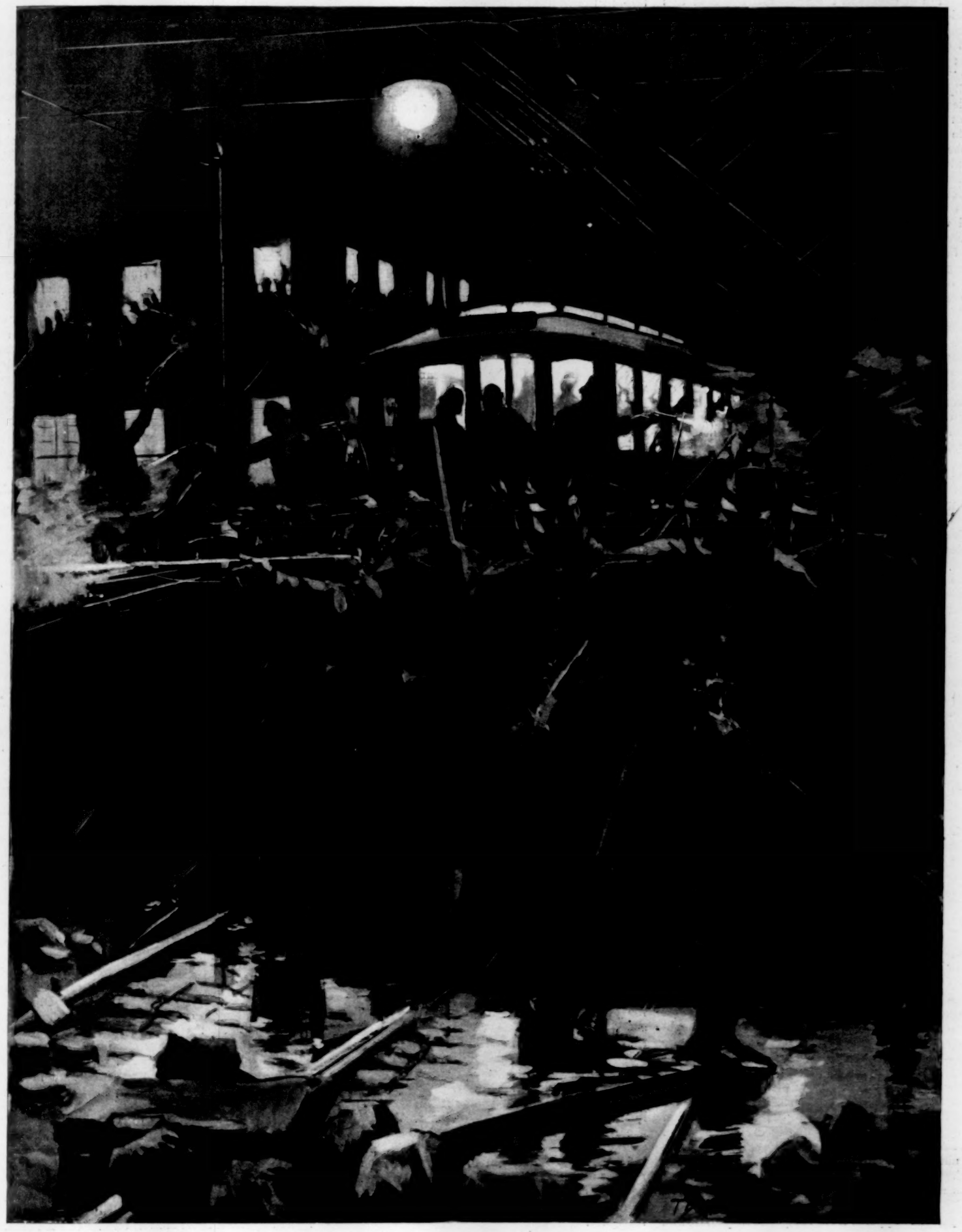

THE STRIKE IN BROOKLYN—FIRING AT THE MOB.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER

A Detail of the Seventh Regiment escorting Car filled with Newspaper Men on Gates Avenue, Evening of January 21st.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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## THE PLATT-LEXOW SCHEME OF MUNICIPAL REFORM.

THE inquiry by a Senate committee into the Police Department of New York city which began last spring and ended with the year revealed a condition of things in the great metropolis of this glorious republic which made the world stare. It unrolled a picture of vice systematically planted and cultivated as a source of revenue for the police; of criminals, from the ordinary gambler and the "green-goods man" to the abortionist, methodically protected by the police for pay; of blackmail levied by the police upon every kind of business, from the great shipping corporation down to the little bootblack; of the most cruel oppression and robbery practised by the police upon the poor and helpless, not to speak of outrages committed by the police at elections, and of the sale of places in the police force for cash—a picture which in atrociousness would hardly be equalled in Constantinople, and would certainly not be excelled in Morocco. There are instances in history of systems of tyranny far less rapacious, inhuman, and galling than this goading the suffering people into revolutionary outbreaks which overthrew governments, and brought the heads of princes and ministers to the block. It does honor to the love of order and the law-abiding spirit of the people of New York that, after disclosures so exasperating, they, as a matter of course, contented themselves with voting down the responsible party at the ballot-box, and with the hope that those elected by them to places of power would harmoniously co-operate to lift this city out of its disgrace, and to secure to this long-suffering community all possible guarantees of honest and efficient government.

That the newly elected Mayor, Mr. STRONG, may be counted upon to serve this end with loyal zeal is generally recognized. But, as is well known, his hands are bound unless the State Legislature enlarges his powers. It might be thought that legislators who are honest men, mindful of their duties, and not devoid of sympathy with this community in its bitter struggle against the powers of evil in its government, would vie with one another in enabling the city to work out its own salvation. It might be expected that especially those who conducted the investigation, and who must have been most deeply impressed with the enormities disclosed, would be foremost in urging this course. Now what do we behold?

The report presented by Mr. LEXOW to the Legislature contains a fair statement of the police scandals as uncovered before the investigating committee. As to the causes which have brought about this disgraceful state of things, Mr. LEXOW says that "one of the main disorganizing forces has been the interference of politicians and district leaders with the machinery of the department." He adds that "it is imperative to eliminate the influence of political bodies and political leaders from contact with a policeman in his appointment, his duty, his assignment and transfer, and his promotion to higher positions." In other words, the police should, above all things, be taken out of politics. This is really the solution of the problem.

How the police is to be taken out of politics Mr. LEXOW sets forth in a series of bills which accompany the report. They provide that the Governor shall, with the consent of the Senate, appoint three commissioners, who shall inquire into the qualifications of every member of the police force, and "certify for dismissal" those they find unfit. Once in every twenty days they shall submit a list of those certified for dismissal to the Mayor, who, "within ten days," may approve or disapprove the finding. In this way the police force is to be purified. They provide further that the administration of the Police Department shall be put into the hands of a bipartisan commission of four members, to be "equally divided between the two parties which at the last preceding election on national and State issues polled respectively the highest and the next highest number of votes." This supreme bipartisan head of the department will, aside from its administrative functions, have the power to appoint from the police inspectors and captains a civil service board, subject to approval by the State Civil Service Commission, for examining applicants for admission. The bipartisan head will pass upon promotions and removals. A certain enlargement of the powers of the Superintendent of Police, now to be called "Chief," as to assignments and transfers of the force, and as to a limited disciplinary jurisdiction, is also provided for.

It appears at first sight in the highest degree grotesque that the police is to be taken out of politics by subjecting it to the rule of a commission whose members, under the law, *must* be regular partisans. Experience has shown that such an arrangement always results either in a fight among the commissioners for the offices as party spoils, or in a peaceable division of the plunder between them by way of barter. But the true inwardness of the LEXOW method of taking the police out of politics will appear only when we contemplate his bills in the light of existing political conditions.

The person known as Boss PLATT is the most potent leader of the Republican party in this State. He presumes—somewhat too rashly, we trust—to have absolute control of the Governor and the Legislature. He is bent upon having the municipal government of the city of New York under his thumb too. To this end he wishes to use the police as his most efficient instrument. The LEXOW bills reveal his plan of campaign. The Governor is to appoint three commissioners to weed out the New York police force. These commissioners are expected to be reliable PLATT men. If the Governor should appoint one whom PLATT does not trust, the PLATT Senate would rectify the mistake. These three PLATT men are to select the members of the police force whom PLATT wishes to get rid of. The Mayor, it is true, may object to dismissals in individual cases, but he will be powerless to point out the men whose dismissal *he* thinks desirable. The weeding out of the police force will therefore, according to the LEXOW bill, be in every important respect under PLATT'S control. The policeman who wishes to stay in the force must please PLATT.

The method of filling the vacant places is in the LEXOW bills contrived with equal ingenuity. PLATT expects the bipartisan police commission to be under his influence. The two Republican members he has already secured by a dicker with Tammany, and he counts upon their being retained. They are his creatures and will obey him. The two Democratic members will not be able to do anything without the concurrence of the PLATT members. To avoid a permanent dead-lock they must resort to trading, and there PLATT will be in his element. This bipartisan commission will, as already mentioned, appoint a civil service board consisting of police officers to examine applicants for places in the force, and the commission will pass upon the qualifications of the persons examined. The examining board is, as to its composition, subject to approval by the State Civil Service Commission. This State Civil Service Commission is appointed by the Governor, whom PLATT assumes to direct in the matter. In point of fact, the Governor has already appointed to a place in that commission one enthusiastic PLATT editor, who with the PLATT member inherited from Governor FLOWER, whom Governor MORTON intends to retain, would make a reliable PLATT majority. This majority PLATT expects to take care that no mistakes are made with regard to the examining board of the police. Thus the machinery would be perfect. PLATT, through his creatures, would be enabled to decide who is to be dismissed from the police force or retained in it, and also who is to be admitted to it. Every policeman would thus virtually hold his place by the grace of PLATT.

It is needless to go into further particulars to show that the LEXOW bills are skilfully designed to deliver the whole police force absolutely into PLATT'S power—a perfect political machine, with all the elements of tyranny and corruption in it. That so audacious a fraud as these LEXOW bills cannot possibly be enacted into law, unless the good citizens of New York are pitiably unmindful of their power as well as of their duty, we take for granted. But these bills have the merit of showing what Boss PLATT is really aiming at, and that not only their defeat but the complete political annihilation of the boss is among the most imperative requirements of the times. They have also served to nip Mr. LEXOW'S budding reputation as a public man with a deadly frost. All the fame he has, as it now appears undeservedly, won by the so-called LEXOW investigation, he has more than lost as the author or godfather of the LEXOW bills. It may now begin to dawn upon him that nobody can maintain the character of a reformer, or even of an honest man, while serving as the tool of an utterly selfish and unscrupulous political intriguer.

## AN AGGRESSIVE FOREIGN POLICY.

THERE ought to be no misapprehension as to the significance of the "patriotic" outcries emanating from members of the Senate and House of Representatives over what they call the royalist revolt in Hawaii. They are in aid of an "aggressive foreign policy," which does not stop with the Sandwich Islands, but comprehends in its loose-mindedness the absorption of every neighboring and adjoining island or country which now lies under what seems to the "patriotic" the baleful shadow of a foreign flag. These absorptionists are great admirers of Great Britain's enterprise in acquiring outlying lands and peoples. They sometimes speak of the national trait as "greed," but it is clear that they will never be truly proud of their own country until its maw for territory which is now the property of other people is quite as voracious as that of Great Britain. The assaults upon the Hawaiian policy of the administration are inspired by this desire for extension, the gratification of which would transform the nation which is now the most potent influence in the world for universal peace into a frowning military power, inviting war both by being constantly prepared for it and by its aggressions.

The plain truth is that Mr. CLEVELAND has no Hawaiian policy, and the attempts to make the country believe that he is plotting for a restoration of the monarchy are not honest. Like all honorable men whose minds are not disturbed by dreams of territorial extension, and whose patriotism has developed beyond the primitive stage when it can be gratified by a satisfactory count of the nation's armed men, he believes that the part played by Americans in office in the overthrow of the Hawaiian monarchy was disgraceful. He has therefore stated that the influence of this country was wrongfully exerted against a weak power, and that the wrong which was done by the agents of the government should, as far as possible, be repaired. We venture to say that Mr. CLEVELAND'S position in this unfortunate episode will, in time, be regarded as one of the most courageous and honorable acts of a singularly courageous man. If Congress had risen to the high plane to which the President invited it, the republic would have taught the older nations of the world that a government may possess the high moral quality which leads it to recognize and repair its own wrong—a quality which distinguishes the highest types of individual men from those beneath them.

Congress, however, led by the absorptionists, declined to permit the country to take this forward step in the march of civilization. For being true to manly and honorable instincts the President has been the object of reckless abuse from hot-headed partisans, and of accusations of a covert desire to aid the royalists. And yet it is clear that he has loyally acquiesced in the determination of Congress to accept the DOLE government as the legitimate power in the islands. The present stormy outburst is based on the slenderest occasion. The recent uprising in the islands under the lead of WILCOX is asserted to be due to the fact that no American war-ship was at Honolulu, and that the "young republic" was thus left to the tender mercies of the royalists and their friends the British. The fact is that the so-called uprising was a mere riot, and was easily suppressed by the DOLE government. Instead of affording evidence that an American war-ship is needed at Honolulu, this incident, so far as it proves anything, demonstrates the ability of the new government to deal with the royalists without any assistance from a foreign power. President DOLE was justified, in view of the ease with which this small rebellion was suppressed, in saying to Minister WILLIS that he was glad that no national vessel was in the harbor during the trouble.

Senators and Representatives who are anxious to start the United States on a career of conquest and acquisition have selected an unpropitious time and event for arousing the people to take their view of the subject. In the fever of excitement they may convince themselves that President DOLE'S suppression of the revolt is evidence that his government needs the moral support of the United States, but to saner minds his easy success will indicate quite the reverse. It is also singularly unfortunate for the "patriots" that no British ship was at Honolulu when the trouble began. It is said that the nearest British war-ship was at Samoa. This would seem to indicate that the alliance between England and the royalists, of which Mr. LODGE is so certain, is not well organized. It is also a striking commentary on the fears of our Senators that President DOLE does not regard the British as dangerous friends of the royalists. He is even willing to grant to a British company the right to place a cable station on one of the islands.

The only opponents to that project are the absorptionists of this country, who would likely be the first to urge a similar concession to a British company desiring to land a cable on any part of our own shore.

The fact is that the incident of the riot, with its preceding and accompanying events, is directly opposed to the theory of Mr. LODGE and the Maine statesmen that the DOLE government cannot sustain itself, and that American interests in Hawaii are in danger because the islands have not been annexed to this country. It is clear that the British government has no idea of helping to restore the Queen, and that the new republic is abundantly able to deal with its internal foes. In view of all this, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that most of the outcry at Washington is the effect of disappointed rage caused by the thoughtlessness of the Hawaiian government in proving that annexation is not necessary for the protection of American interests in the islands, or for the defence of the "young republic" against the threats and snares of monarchy.

There is no longer a leg for the annexationists to stand on except their greed for territory. And that has always been the real foundation of the movement and the real reason for their bitterness against President CLEVELAND. What Senator LODGE and the rest are eager for is the spreading out of the republic. They want the Sandwich Islands and any other islands of the Pacific for the acquisition of which they can devise an excuse. Some of them want Mexico and Central America, and some of them Cuba and Canada. Without regard to what the United States can do with these foreign colonies, or how our government is to be modified so that colonial affairs may be administered without too much corruption, or how the subordination of foreign lands to the executive rule at Washington is to be reconciled with our republican institutions, these advocates of territorial aggrandizement are insisting on an "aggressive foreign policy," which Mr. BLAINE was quite ready to hint at in political campaigns, but never unwise enough to attempt when he was in power. Not only so, but they take the ground that such a policy is "patriotic," and that all opposition to it is unpatriotic. They are for floating the flag over all the continent and the islands adjacent, and for an army and a navy big enough and strong enough to uphold it against all who may be induced to attack it.

This jingoism is at the bottom of the Hawaiian agitation in Congress, and in the light of this explanation the wrath of the Maine contingent and its Massachusetts spokesman is explicable. Mr. CLEVELAND has thwarted them, and the DOLE government, by reason of its undue capacity to preserve order and to put down a riot, has deprived them of the chief theme of their assaults upon the administration. It is not to be supposed, however, that the absorptionists will abandon their purpose. Now that it has been shown that an American war-ship was not necessary at Honolulu, and that Great Britain is harmless, there are signs that they will base their apprehensions on the presence of the Japanese in the islands. Already they are saying that Japan's successes in China have made these people in Hawaii a bloody-minded and dangerous lot, with whom President DOLE will find it difficult to cope unless he is sustained by the United States navy.

## PHILADELPHIA POLITICS.

THE problem of municipal government in this country and under democratic institutions is presenting itself in other cities besides New York. The vices bred by a surrender of the functions and powers of city governments by the good to the bad are common to all our great municipal corporations. The rule of the vulgar and the criminal is very much the same, whether it is found in New York or Boston, Philadelphia or Chicago. The political plunderer, the bandit of the city halls, is a simple-minded person, with simple tastes and methods. He is not an arch-intriguer, although he is a plotter. He is a ruffian of direct methods, whose mind is bent on getting something out of every office he holds, every candidate he works and votes for, every man with a purse who comes within the jurisdiction of police administration, whether he is honest or a law-breaker. He goes directly for his quarry, and does not attempt to attain his end by ways that are devious or veiled. What he wants is money, and he asks for it. If it is refused to him he applies the screws. For every dollar that is expended in conducting the city government, for its police and fire and street departments, and for doing justice, several dollars go to the common treasury of the city hall bandits.

In New York the bandits have gone too far, and the good citizens have risen in revolt. Thus far they have been successful. The leading bandits are shivering in private life, waiting in anxiety for the action or non-action of the criminal authorities. Boston also has had its uprising, and the crew that for many years dominated that city has been beaten. It is to be regretted, however, that the victory in the Massachusetts metropolis was not won by men of whose upright intentions the reformers have any certitude.

The most interesting municipal struggle next to that in which New York has been engaged, and which is still going on, is that in Philadelphia. The government of Philadelphia has been corrupt for years. Thirteen years ago a committee of one hundred undertook a municipal campaign against the men who disgraced the fair fame of the municipality and robbed its tax-payers. The story of the Philadelphia Gas Ring was made familiar by Professor BRYCE, but the uprising that was successful at the time was not followed by permanent reform. As Democratic Tammany soon returned to power in New York after the defeat of 1871, so the Republican machine in Philadelphia was not kept long out of its municipal possessions by the election of Mayor HUNTER and the defeat of "Boss" MCMANES.

The partisan majority in New York has been Democratic; therefore the New York plunderers have been Democrats. The partisan majority in Philadelphia has been Republican; therefore the Philadelphia plunderers have been Republicans. Municipal vice and crime are sometimes bipartisan, but never non-partisan. For years, since the committee of one hundred became a memory, Philadelphia has been under the rule of QUAY, who has had for an ally one "DAVE" MARTIN, a person whose "record," as set forth in the daily newspapers, cannot bring the blush of jealous shame to the cheek of the worst Tammany "thug" who ever followed or led under the black flag of RICHARD CROKER. The stories of bribery, of partnership between contractors and officials who have had the letting of the city work, of the relations existing between the traction companies and Councils, have been heard in New York, busy as its citizens have been in contemplating the degradation of their own government, and in the struggle to lift it up.

The effort of QUAY to compel the Republican party to nominate Senator PENROSE for Mayor at last aroused good citizens, and at the beginning of the present year there was formed a committee of ninety-five to undertake in Philadelphia the task that has been thus far so satisfactorily performed in New York by the Committee of Seventy. Unfortunately a quarrel arose between QUAY and MARTIN. PENROSE was defeated, and City Solicitor WARWICK was nominated. PENROSE was QUAY'S man, and if the reformers win at the coming election it would greatly augment the moral influence and force of the victory if QUAY might go down with his candidate. But nevertheless the issue is made. WARWICK represents all that has prevailed in the municipal government, and therefore all that is bad, while ex-Governor PATTISON, whom the Democrats have nominated, represents the conscience and intelligence of the city. If the citizens of Philadelphia are as determined as the citizens of New York were and are to deserve and obtain good government, the Democrats have given them an opportunity of which they will eagerly avail themselves. That their city needs reform is known to them. Whether reform will be gained at the coming election depends upon whether the consciousness of the evil is so strong and deep that the city's interests have risen above partisanship in the minds and hearts of the best Philadelphians.

## THE GREAT STRIKE IN BROOKLYN.

THE question what wages shall be paid by a particular employer, and what hours of labor shall be exacted by him, however interesting it may be to the parties concerned and to their friends, and however important it may be as an evidence of existing social conditions, is one which public opinion is rarely the proper tribunal to decide. The only known and accepted way of determining it is by contract between employer and employed, after such free barter as the interests and views of each may dictate. Whether or not the wages paid by the Brooklyn street-car lines were inadequate, and whether or not their regulations were oppressive to the men, cannot be decided by rumor, by the resolutions of striking unions, nor by any evidence now before the public. These are proper questions for the State Labor Commissioners. If the companies have really treated their workmen unfairly, the necessary impairments of their own service which follows is a proper subject of inquiry by the courts. We have no means of knowing whether the charges made by some of their former carmen are true, and it is surprising that many journals and some city officers, with no better information than ours, express passionate opinions on the subject. All such questions may be held in reserve for the present, in view of the serious crisis, involving the civil order of a great city, which has followed the strike, and which presents other issues vital to our national welfare, and to the safety of civilization itself.

The broad principles on which modern society is founded are deeply fixed in the minds and hearts of the American people. The protection and enforcement of all rights of persons and property, of liberty and education, of labor and of free speech, depend on civil order, and the first element of good citizenship is the resolute purpose to preserve this at every sacrifice, and to hold all possessions, even life itself, subject to the necessity of defending it. Without this purpose as a basis of character in the body of its members, no community is truly civilized. Without it in the individual citizen, the pretence of patriotism is but the cloak of the demagogue. This principle is so predominant in our national character that any avowed attack upon it is sure to be met by an indignant and overwhelming assertion of the will of the people that civil order must be maintained.

But the dangerous foes of liberty and peaceful industry are not those who avow social disorder as their aim. It is only the mob which proclaims a moral purpose and professes to seek justice that threatens our society. It is when such a profession is plausible enough to divert the minds of men from the first duty of patriotism, the maintenance of civil order, and to weaken their indignation against all infringements upon it, that a mob is really dangerous. The greatest evil of lynch-law does not lie in the risk of inflicting punishment on individuals who may be innocent. This is bad enough, but the poison of the practice works incalculably greater damage in gradually destroying the character and conscience of the community, and teaching it to substitute irregular private vengeance for the orderly justice of organized society, that is, to recur to barbarism. Now the Brooklyn strike has been but the application on an enormous scale of lynch-law, to punish the supposed offences of corporations. If it should succeed it would invite working-men everywhere to coerce employers to their demands by disorder and violence.

From the first the managers of the strike have acted as the enemies of the nation and of mankind. That is to say, the principles they have assumed, and the methods they have adopted, are such as cannot be reconciled with the existence of an orderly and civilized people. They had abandoned work, proclaiming that they were essential to the public service of the companies and their places could not be filled, so that they must be recalled on their own terms. But they did not wait for facts to decide the issue they had challenged. They immediately organized various forms of illegal interference with the efforts of their former employers to find help. They resorted to intimidation, to assaults, to the destruction of property on a large scale, to reckless disorder, for the purpose of terrorizing the patrons of the railroads. In all this the mass of the men were far less to blame than the demagogues who encouraged them, advised them, and led them on, without the excuse of ignorance or the pressure of want. Among these demagogues were found members of the bar, who taught as law theories too absurd for discussion, and public officers who openly declared their belief that the success of the strikers was more important than the peace of the city.

For a time, no doubt, public opinion was confused by the irrelevant talk of such men as these, and attention was diverted from the real issue. But we have not yet reached such a stage of demoralization in any of our great communities that the principles of lynch-law can be made acceptable to the people by any disguise. The real sympathies of Brooklyn, of the country, and of the whole civilized world are necessarily and earnestly enlisted in favor of the order of society, and against all who assail it. When its enemies lay down their arms at discretion, and submit all their claims and rights to the decision of the peaceful methods by which every orderly community must decide them, it will be time to consider what these claims and rights really are. Till then civilization is at war with them, and has no choice but to put them down.

## INNOCENT COUNTERFEITERS.

A DECISION recently rendered by the Solicitor of the Treasury Department at Washington promises to put a stop to the innocent counterfeiting of the stamps of this and other countries. For many years dealers in stamps have published in trade papers and magazines, as well as in stamp albums, fac-similes of stamps. They were used to attract attention to an advertisement, or to designate the spot in an album where a particular stamp was to be affixed in making a collection. Three years ago Congress passed a sweeping law prohibiting the imitation of money or stamps. So broad was the scope of this law that it would prevent even the reproduction of the design of a piece of coin or paper money or of a stamp in a picture published in a newspaper or periodical. The intent of the law was to make it impossible for dishonest persons to take advantage of the acts of honest ones to defraud others. For example, the tokens used in commercial colleges to represent money in carrying on the fictitious business transactions which were supposed to fit pupils for a commercial career were used by the dishonest to impose on credulous or ignorant people, and they passed current in some places like counterfeits of money intended to defraud. Counters used in games or designed for use as checks in restaurants and liquor saloons were used fraudulently as money. Even the advertisement issued by a daily newspaper of New York, in the form of a bond promising to pay a thousand dollars to any one who proved the circulation of the paper less than it was claimed to be, was passed on ignorant immigrants as currency.

The counterfeiting of stamps, of course, could not inflict so great an injury as the counterfeiting of money. Yet in the case of rare stamps, which are in demand for philatelic collections, great injury could be done to individuals. And a petty fraud, when committed in the name of the United States, is just as abhorrent to the government as fraud which involves millions. Hence the law enacted by Congress, under which the publication of fac-similes of currency and stamps has been prohibited. The seizures made almost every week in different parts of the country attest the need of such a law even now, when people who have violated it innocently ever since its passage are becoming accustomed to its provisions.



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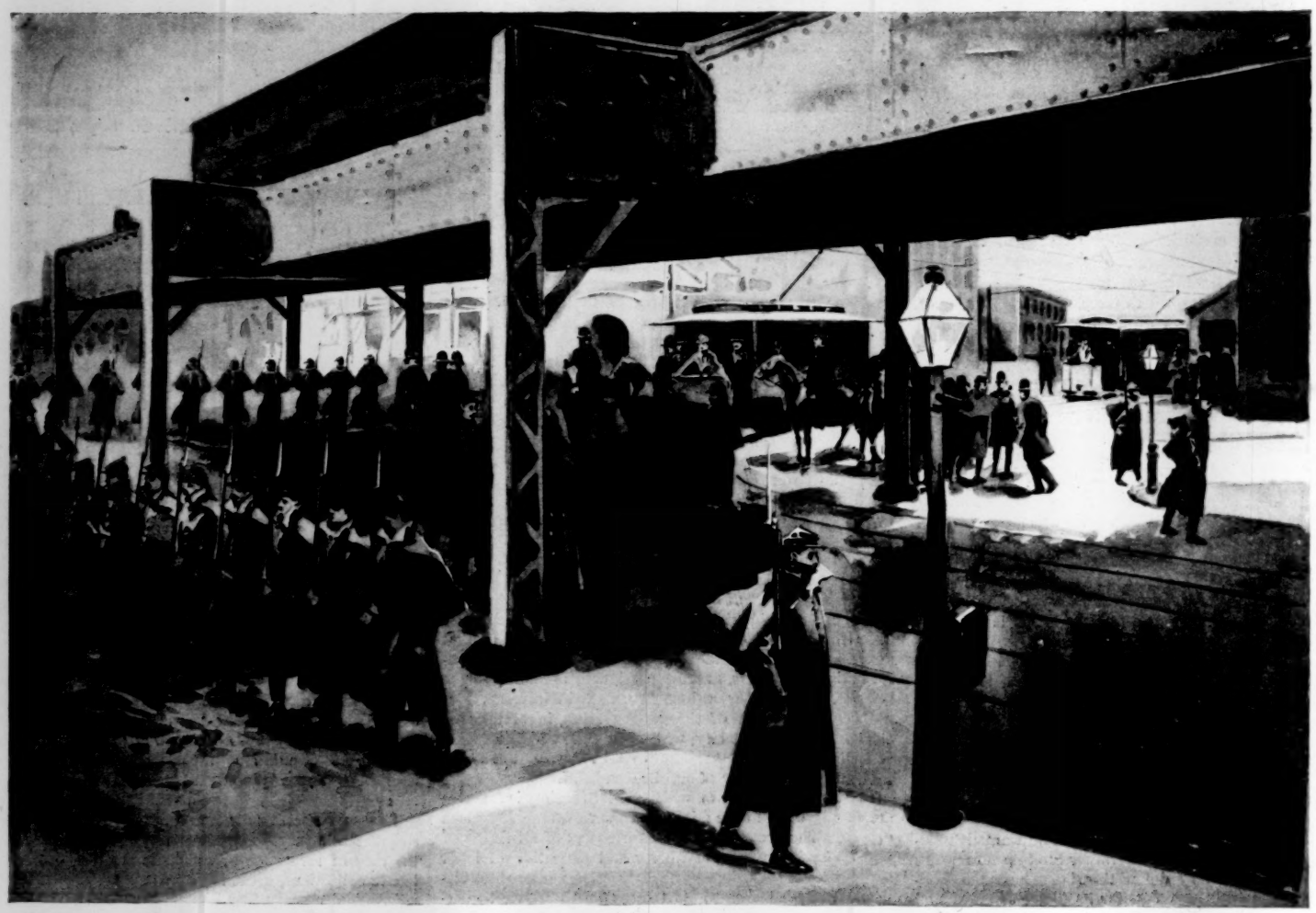
FIRST BATTERY, STATIONED AT EAST NEW YORK.

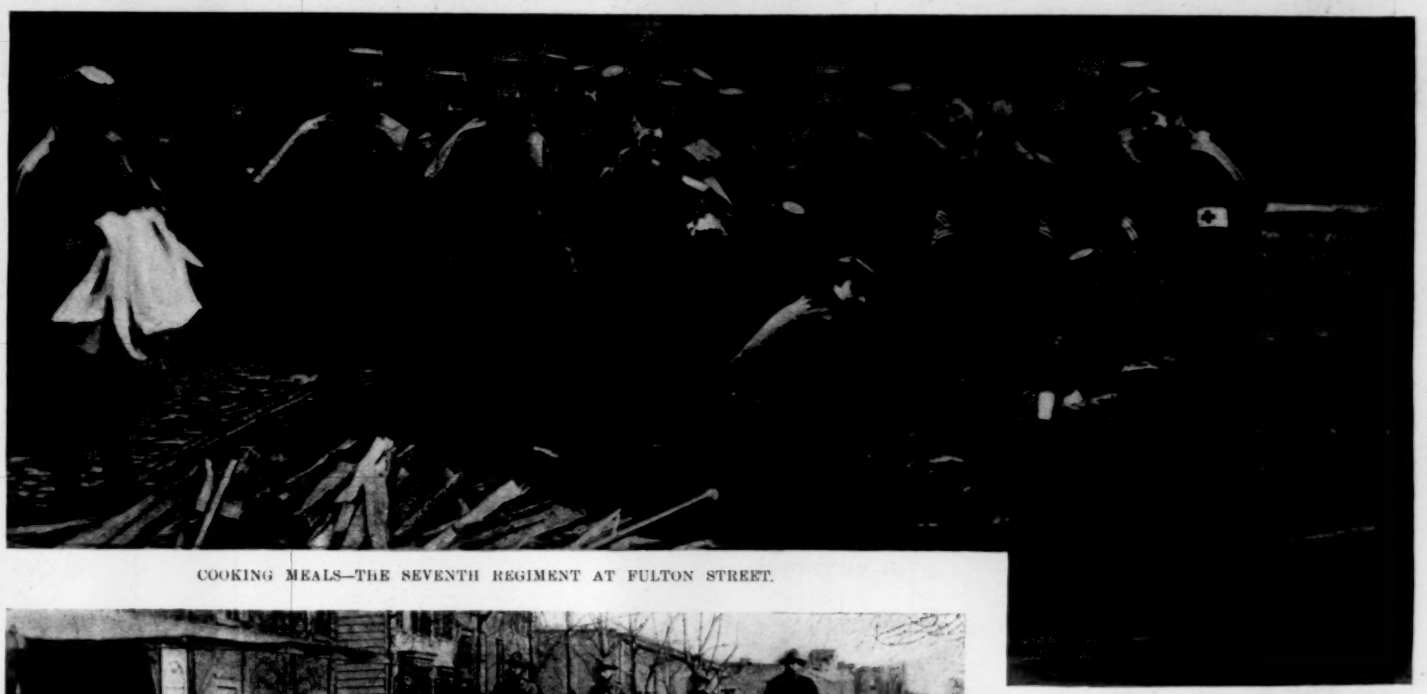


SEVENTH REGIMENT DEPLOYING SKIRMISHERS AT RIDGEWOOD STABLES—TAKING OUT THE FIRST CAR, JANUARY 22D.

THE STRIKE IN BROOKLYN.

TROOP A AWAITING ORDERS.

TROOP A PREPARING DINNER.



COOKING MEALS—THE SEVENTH REGIMENT AT FULTON STREET.

TROOP A GOING TO ESCORT THE LINEMEN'S WAGON.

THIRTEENTH REGIMENT PICKETS TRYING TO KEEP WARM.

THE STRIKE IN BROOKLYN.

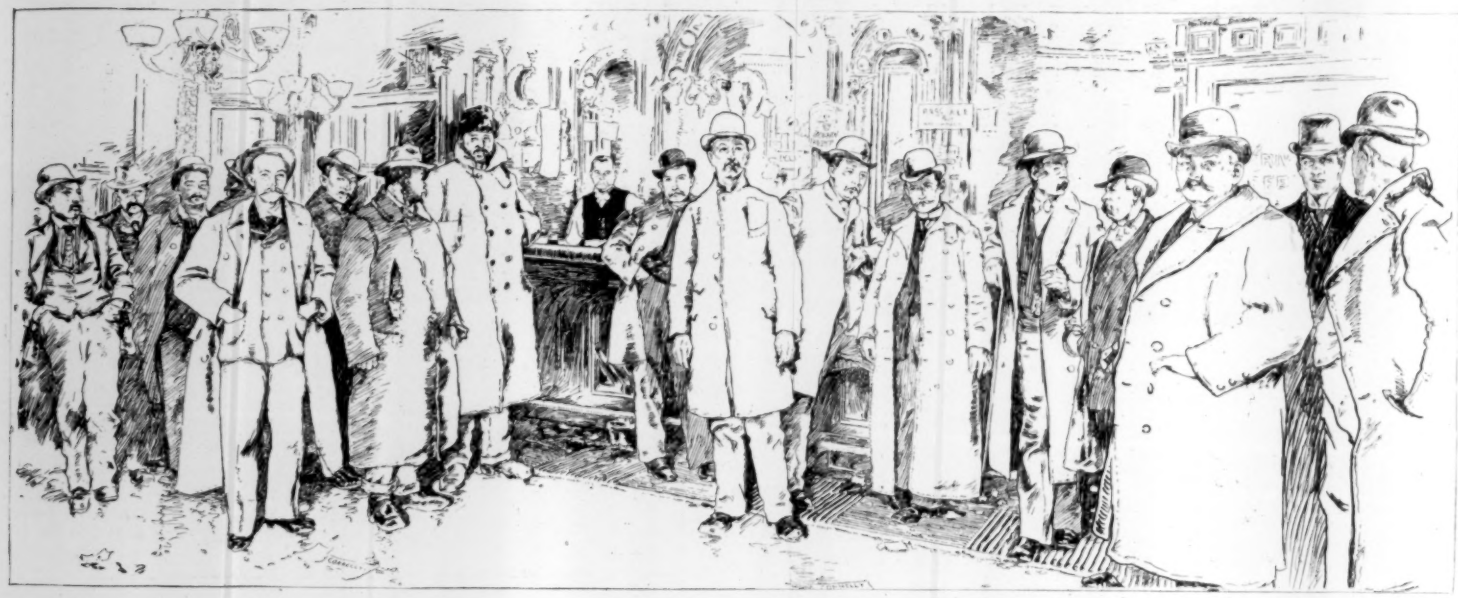
MAJOR WILLIAM H. KIPP, 7TH REGIMENT.

MAJOR G. G. COCHRAN, 13TH REGIMENT.

CAPTAIN CHARLES F. ROE, TROOP A.

STONING FROM BEHIND "L" ROAD PILLARS

MOUNTED POLICE WITH NIGHT-STICKS



"THE TRIANGLE," A SALOON FREQUENTED BY THE STRIKERS, AT BROADWAY AND HALSEY STREET.

THE STRIKE IN BROOKLYN.—[SEE PAGE 117.]

# THE AFFAIR OF THE —TH OF JULY.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THE following is a letter from a young military aide-de-camp who was in position to see a great deal of the great riots in Chicago.

CHICAGO, *July* — 18—.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—In your last you ask me to give you my experiences in the affair of the other day here in Chicago, and although I played but a small part, yet I do not mind adding my little quota to the volumes of matter already written on the subject. To begin with, we at headquarters had known for some time that the turbulent elements were organizing an opposition to Federal authority, and indeed after the demoralization of the police power in the affairs of Monday and Tuesday, the General issued his proclamation putting the city under martial law. The people were ordered to keep within their own doors, under penalty of shooting or drum-head court martial, after seven o'clock in the evening, and it was also explained that any domicile harboring an active enemy was to be reduced by the sharpest means at command. The re-enforcements arrived on Tuesday, and militia and police were embodied in our command. I had been out on a patrol with a troop of the Third Cavalry late in the afternoon, and I reported to the General that there was an ominous lull in the city, and that I feared the enemy were to take some active measures. We had tried, unsuccessfully, to locate the rifles looted from the gun-stores, and also to find anything like a rendezvous of insurgents. The better class of people had nearly all left the city, and what remained were guarding their business property. Chicago streets, usually so teeming with human life, were almost deserted. No smoke came from the big chimneys, and the shops were shuttered and boarded up. A great many honest people of small means were much put to it to obtain food, and I cannot but tell you how I saw some of the troopers divide their rations with the citizens. At the time we had no intimation of the serious turn affairs would take on, but the remark of the General's, that "every soldier will die right in his tracks," had gone the rounds of the camps, and nerved the men to face the music. I was eating my dinner in the Chicago Club when I thought I heard rifle-shots. This was about nine o'clock, and the moon was shining on the Lake Front, although the side streets were dark, since the lights were out all over the city. In a minute more a squad of cavalry swept up the street at full gallop. They were heading for the General's tent, and I grabbed my cap and ran down stairs three steps at a time. As I made my way along Michigan Avenue I could hear carbine-shots over in the city, and shortly all the bugles giving "The Assembly."

I got to headquarters, and met old Hewer of the Seventh, and it was his troops which had come in; he told me they were then standing off a mob, which was returning the fire down in the city.

I got an order from the General to deliver to the lower section of the camp, and getting on my "wheel" (which is better for this work than a horse), I pulled out. I delivered my order to Colonel Loftowne, and then waited to observe things, as I was to report back to headquarters. Rawball's battery went into "action front," two sections to a street. They were loaded, and then down on the next corner came the order through the still night to fire. A terrific flash illuminated the black square, and then with a howl down the long street went the 2¼-inch, and far down in the darkness I could see her explode; then all was silent. The signal-rockets were going from the top of the Auditorium, and I saw the answering upward sweep of the balls of fire as they were replied to farther down the street. We were on the extreme right, which was below the Art Building, and were ordered to move for an attack on the streets of the city *en échelon*. The guns limbered up, and, escorted by two companies of infantry, we passed into the dim light. At the corner of Wabash Avenue we halted.

Four or five blocks down we could both hear and see rifle-firing, evidently directed on our camp, and also a great crowd. At this juncture we heard a most awful explosion, dull and not like a rifle-cannon. "Dynamite!" we all exclaimed in a breath.

"Cut the fuse to zero! Fire!" And with a terrific crash the missile sped on its way. "I think that street will be clear for a spell," drawled the Captain, in his delicious old Georgia manner, as he got his guns in motion. We could hear the occasional boom of a three-inch and the loud grinding of the Gatlings, and we knew it was enfilading our fire. The rifle-fire was silenced down the city, and the mob, as we judged by the noise, was running away. Over in the direction of the Post-office we then heard rifle shots.

"That's that outpost of the Twenty-seventh guarding the building," we said to each other. It fairly crackled now—"giving 'em hot stuff."

"Halt!" came the command, and the men stopped. "We will wait here for orders."

"What do you suppose that report was?" we asked each other as we stood on the curbing.

"It must have been dynamite. I know the sound of this ordnance too well to be mistaken," commented the Captain of artillery. "What's that? Hark!" as a clatter sounded on the pavement in our rear. "It's a horse coming at full speed. Spread out, men, and stop him." And, sure enough, a frightened cavalry horse came charging into the midst of the infantry, and was only stopped after he had knocked down two men.

"He only has a halter on; he's got away from the picket line; here, boys—here comes another." This one in turn was stopped, and two more which followed directly. Detailed men were sent back with the horses, while I went also to make my report. As I sped on ahead I was startled by a shot, and with a sputter I heard the bullet go to pieces at my feet. I looked around, and from the dark of a window came a flash and another sputter.

"D—— him, he is firing at me," I ejaculated, and I made the pedals fly. I had no idea of stopping, but I thought I could remember the building; and thinks I, "I am not after game, but whoever you are, I'll hunt you up, my lad."

At headquarters everything was bustle.

"Some one exploded a big dynamite bomb right in the street, in front of the Fifth Infantry camp," said Captain Moss to me, "and killed four men and wounded a dozen more. Some of the cavalry horses broke away from the picket lines and stampeded," he went on.

The hospital tents were ablaze with light, and I knew that the surgeons were at their grewsome work.

I reported for orders, and shortly was given one to deliver at my old post. Back I sped, and came near tumbling into a big hole, which I knew had been made by the dynamite bomb. I will go down another street and cross over, so as to avoid that fellow who potted at me, I reasoned; but before I turned off I saw the two infantrymen and the four old cavalry horses coming along.

"Oh, Lieutenant," they called, and I went up to them. "We saw that fellow shoot at you, and McPherson held the horses and I slipped down the dark side of the street and located him. He stuck his head out of the window, and I rested across a door-post and let him have it."

"Did you hit him?"

"Well, you kin bet. He came out of that window like a turkey out of a pine-tree. A little slow at first, but kerflop at last."

So I took the street of my late enemy, and had a look at a dark object which lay on the sidewalk under the house I had located. In response to the order I bore, the infantry advanced to develop any opposition which there might be. Men were thrown out in front, and the heavy body marched in rear. We had proceeded this way for some blocks with no sound but the dropping rifle-fire some quarter of a mile to our left and behind us, when we began to find men huddled in doorways, who were promptly taken prisoners and disarmed, and sent to the rear. Some bore rifles and all had revolvers, and a hard-looking set they were. The artillery fire had demoralized them; and whatever they were to have done they had abandoned after the first shell had gone shrieking and crashing down the street.

"They'll get a drum-head in the morning, and it won't sit ten minutes," mused an officer. "I suppose they are anarchists. Well, they ought to like this; this is a sort of anarchy. It's the best we have got in our shop."

These words were scarcely spoken before a blinding flash lit up the street as lightning might. A tremendous report followed, and I was knocked down right over my bicycle, which I was trundling. I was up in an instant, and with a ringing clash an object had fallen at my feet and struck my leg a smart blow, which pained me considerably. I reached down and picked up a Springfield rifle barrel without lock or stock. A dynamite cartridge had been exploded in our front. The infantry hesitated for a moment. Many men had been flung on their backs by the force of the concussion. "Forward!" was the command, and dropping my bicycle, I followed the dark figures of the infantry as they made their way down the sides of the streets. Half a block ahead was a great hole in the pavement, and the sidewalk was littered with cobble-stones and débris from the walls of the surrounding buildings. The bomb had been exploded over the advance-guard, and had destroyed it utterly. Which building had it come from? We stood in the doorways, and held our breath and waited. A stone dropped in the street with a crash. A tiny light appeared in one of the upper windows of a tall narrow office building. It disappeared instantly, and all was dark. Two men put their heads out of the window. "See-e!" I hissed, as a soldier drew up his rifle. All was quiet. The two heads peered down the street, and then whispered together, when shortly we caught the hollow echo of the words, "D—— 'em, they don't want any more."

"Now run for it," said the Captain in command, who was a big fellow, and we all scampered off down the street to our main body. What we had discovered was reported to the battery commander. He swore a great oath.

"Bring that gun up here to this side; boost her on to the sidewalk. Come, get hold here, you fellows; lend us a hand; run her along a little; train her on that doorway. Now fire!" And then, in a high voice, "Captain, let your men cover that house with rifle-fire, and detail some men to break into a store and get inflammables."

The big gun went with a deafening crash, and the doorway was in slivers. A dropping rifle-fire rained into the windows. Crash went the big gun after a minute, but the building was dark and silent, as though holding their sputtering toys in contempt.

"I'm going to burn that building. Send a man to call out the Fire Department!" roared the old Captain, who had now lost all his drawling, and was bellowing like a bull. After a time infantrymen came along with their arms full of bottles and cans of kerosene, and I know not what else. They had broken into a drug-store, and told the proprietor, who was found there in the darkness with his three clerks, to give them the most inflammable substances at his command.

The squad of infantry formed on the side of the street occupied by the ill-fated house, and as the big gun crashed and the rifle-fire redoubled, they dashed down the street and swarmed into the building.

"Keep up that rifle-fire," howled the senior officer. It was bang! bang! bang! for a full minute, when a flash of light lit up the doorway, and with a rush out came the squad, and made its way to us on the run.

"We have fired the elevator shaft," said a young officer, breathing heavily with excitement. The doorway was very light now, and shortly the second-story windows over it showed yellow. Windows farther up the tall building began to redden and then to glow brightly. It was ten minutes now since the first gleam of fire, and the rifles had ceased. The building was now ablaze. A huge roaring was heard, and the black smoke poured from the hall windows, while the side windows were yet dark. A harsh yelling came from the window where I had seen the little match struck, and the thick black smoke eddied around and hid it all.

"By sections—forward—trot—march," and with a dash we moved forward past the roaring furnace and down into the darkness below.

"My orders were to move forward," muttered the old Captain, as he bit at a plug of tobacco.

It was now nearly twelve o'clock, and I could hear a great deal of small-arm firing down the city on my left in front, and also the boom of cannon away on the other side of town. Shortly a note was handed me by an Adjutant, and I was to go to a command on a street nearly in front of headquarters. I sped along, and shortly met men by twos and threes, wounded men going to camp, and two fellows sitting on the curbing. "Where is Captain B——'s command, my men?"

"Right on down the street—me bunkie's got it," was all I heard as I shot along.

The rifle-fire grew, and the crash of a Hotchkiss came at intervals. Then I made out a small infantry reserve, and then the guns. I found the Captain, and delivered my note.

"Wait by me," said the Captain, as he went into a doorway and read the order by scratching matches on his pantaloons, and the Hotchkiss nearly broke my ear-drums. "Wait a minute or so," said the Captain, as he crushed the note into his trousers pocket.

I waited, and a "kid" of the reserves, whom I knew, greeted me and explained, "They are in the depot, and we are going to carry it by storm in a minute."

Again the Hotchkiss went, and "Come on!" rang the order as the men moved forward. It was the Captain, and he wanted me to "wait a minute," so, thinks I, I will wait near him; and pulling my bicycle into a dark doorway, I waited along by the Captain, near the head of the procession. As we moved out from the protection of the street the report of a Hotchkiss nearly threw me from my pins, and then we ran silently under a rather hot fire from the windows and doorways. I heard the balls strike—a dull slap—and a man stumbled forward ahead of me and dropped. I sprang over him, and was soon out of fire, and with the little column passed through the big doorway under which I had so often passed with my gripsack and on the *qui vive* for a hansom-cab driver. There was a tremendous rattle of fire, the bullets struck the stone work viciously; the hollow pat sounded, and men sank reeling and lay prone under my feet. We piled in and returned the fire. It was all smoke now; nothing distinguishable. "Come on!" came a voice which interlarded itself with the reports, and we went on wildly. We were now out of the smoke, and then I saw, by the light of a fire, figures running. A man fired in our faces. He was sitting up; a bayonet went into him, and he rolled over, clutching his breast with his hands. "The house is on fire!" came the cry, and the infantry continued to discharge on the retreating figures. A great flash lighted everything, and as my senses returned, it came over me "that was a bomb." I passed my hand over my eyes. The building was on fire. I could see men lying around me; breathing heavily and groaning. I got up; a voice said, "Get these men out of here!" "Get these men out of here!" I echoed, as I grabbed a big Irish sergeant, and supporting him under the arms, I strove forward. The living soldiers took hold of the dead and wounded comrades, and bore them back through the smoke and into the street. The station was now on fire, and every one was highly excited, for these bombs made strange work, and were very demoralizing. They did no particular good to the enemy beyond that point, since they did not stop our advance, and they also demoralized the enemy quite as much as ourselves. There seemed to be no further opposition to the troops. I went back to headquarters, got my horse, and received permission to go with a detachment of cavalry. We pulled out up Michigan Avenue. We were to scout and make a junction with stock-yard troops out to the south of the city or in Washington Park. The moon was going down, and there was no sound but the clattering of the troops and the jingle of the sabers. We passed a large squad of police, with their lanterns, moving out south to protect private residences and arrest prowlers. Ahead of us we heard three revolver-shots, and galloping forward, we were hailed by a voice from a window. "They have been trying to break into my house, catch them; they are running up the street." The road here was very wide, with two rows of trees in the centre and narrow grass-plots.

"Come on!" shouted the Captain, and spurring up, we moved forward.

"There they are, Captain: can't you see them?" spoke the old first sergeant, as he drove his horse forward to the Captain's side.

We rode over the grass-plot, and, sure enough, forms were seen to run up the steps of houses and behind shrubbery.

"Dismount!—shoot them down!" came the command, and the men sprung forward with a rush. A revolver flashed, and was followed by a dozen carbine-balls, and from the blackness of a high front stoop rolled a figure grunting and gasping. Shot after shot rang through the darkness, and the troopers routed the vermin from step and shrubbery, until shortly it ceased.

"Captain, here is Foltz; he's been shot; and McInerny; he's shot too."

I sprang up the steps of a great stone mansion and pounded on the door with the butt of my six-shooter. A window was raised and a head peered out. "What do you want?"

"We are United States cavalry, and we have two wounded men. Open your doors; we want you to put them to bed," and the window went down with a bang. Shortly the bolts were drawn, the door opened, and an old gentleman with white hair and carrying a lamp appeared.

"Certainly; bring them right in, Captain," said the old gentleman, and the two men were carefully lifted and borne in by their comrades. I helped to carry one man up stairs, and to take off his great boots and to strip him.

"Is there a doctor near here, sir?" I asked.

"Right across the street; will I send my man?"

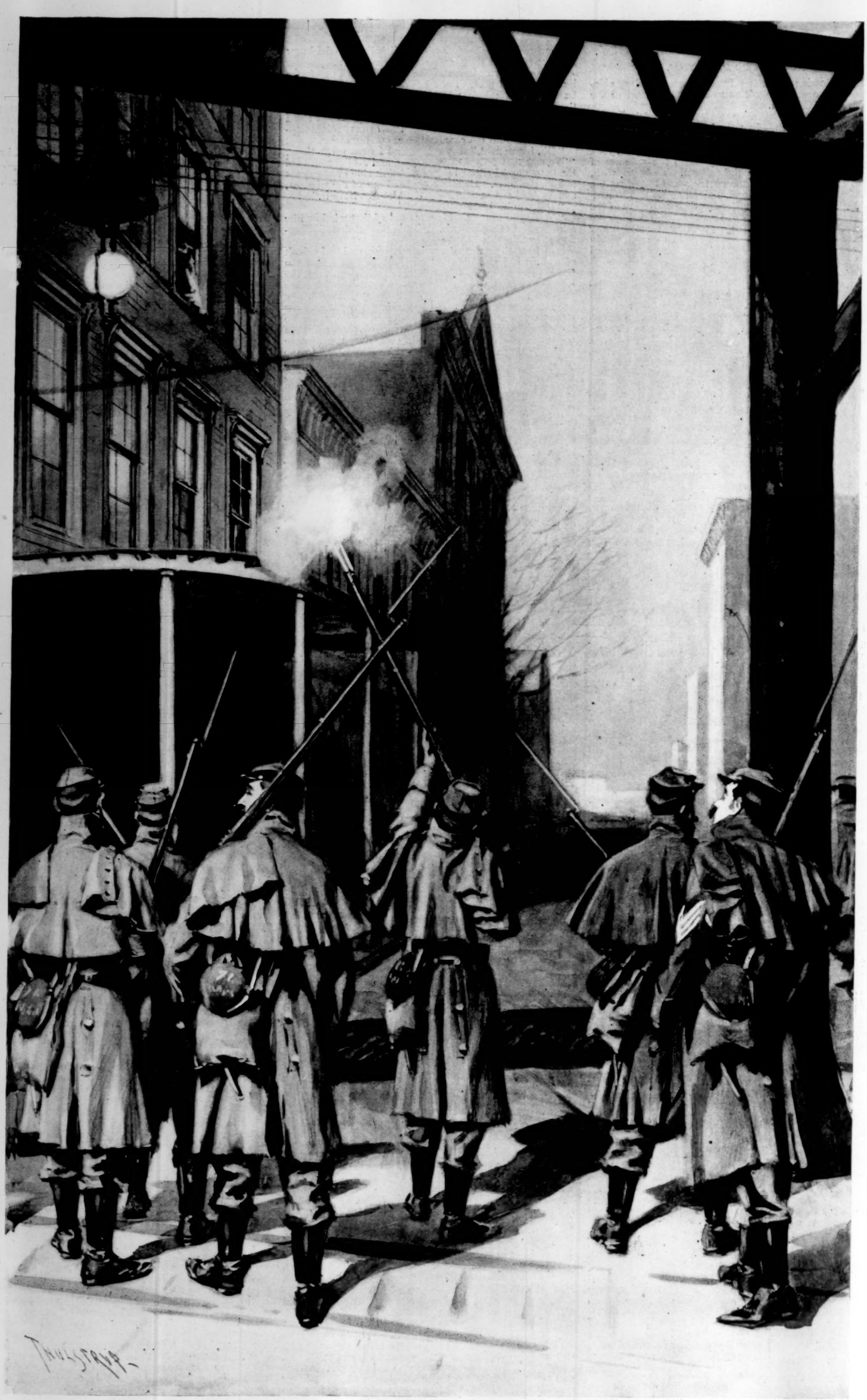
"Yes, and a-running, too," replied a comrade, who was stanching the blood on the man's chest with a bedsheet.

We laid the man out, and I paused to note the splendor of the apartment, and to think it none too good for a brave soldier. The doctor came shortly, and I left the house. The troop was mounted and moved on. From a mansion across the street came a shot and loud shouting. We rode up and dismounted. There was a light in the front room and the door was open. The Captain sprang up the steps, followed by ten or twelve men. As we entered we saw a half dozen of the most vicious-looking wretches I have ever seen. They were evidently drunk, and did not comprehend the import of our presence. One man raised a champagne-bottle and threatened the Captain. A carbine flashed—the report was almost deafening—and the drunken man dropped the bottle, threw up his hand, turned half round, and sank with a thud.

"Take these men out and shoot them, sergeant." And the now thoroughly terrorized revellers, to the number of six, were dragged, swearing and beseeching, to the pavement, and I heard shots.

The room we were in was magnificent, but in the utmost disorder The floor was strewn with broken bottles, vases, and bric-à-brac.

A form appeared in the door. It was a woman. She



THE STRIKE IN BROOKLYN—"KEEP THE WINDOWS DOWN!"—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.
Method employed to prevent Attacks from Houses.

"WE WERE NOW OUT OF THE SMOKE."—Drawn by Frederic Remington.

was speechless with terror, and her eyes stared, and her hands were clutched. We removed our hats, and the woman closed her eyes slowly.

"Look out, Captain, she's going to faint!" I cried.

The Captain slapped his hat on with a crush.

"That's what she's going to do," he said, as he stood like a football-rusher before the ball is put in play.

"Grab her!" I shouted; and, with a bound, the Captain made a high tackle just as the lady became limp. Out in the hall I jumped, and yelled, "Oh, you people upstairs there, come down; come running; the lady has fainted; we are soldiers; come down; come down; come down, somebody!" And from the upper darkness a white-robed figure glided past me into the lighted room.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she said, as she swept up to the rather engaging scene of the beautiful woman and the Captain, who was "not glad," judging from his disconcerted air; and to make a story short, we left the house.

As we mounted we could see the darkness beginning to gray, and knew that morning would come shortly.

"It's been a nasty night's work, but if it once comes daylight I'll leave nothing of these rioters but their horrible memory," mused the old Captain.

"There is a glow in the sky off there—don't you see?" I added.

"Fire! Oh, I've expected that."

As the light grayed I could see the doors of majestic residences open, windows broken, and débris trailing down the steps.

"Looted."

"There are people ahead—trot!" said the Captain, half turning in his saddle. The bray of the trumpet was followed by the jingle of the forward movement.

The Captain pulled off to the side and shouted, "No prisoners, men—no prisoners." And the column swept along.

We could make out more human forms, all running by the side of the road. There were more and more fugitives as we drew nearer.

"Come on," sang out the First Lieutenant, as he put his horse into a gallop and drew his six-shooter; and shortly we were among them, scattering them like chaff and firing revolver-shots into them. Up the side streets they went, scampering, terrorized.

"I guess they will keep that gait for a mile," said the Lieutenant, as he turned grinning to me. "That is the outfit which has been looting down Michigan Avenue. I wish the light would come, and we'll give 'em hot stuff."

At Washington Park we dismounted, and shortly were joined by B Troop from Hordon's command. They told us they had been fighting all night, and that the stock-yards and many buildings were on fire. They had encountered opposition, which seemed to be armed and to have some organization, but, laughing, he said, "they couldn't stand the 'hot stuff.'"

After this we made the ride back. It was now light, and as we rode slowly, men dismounted at intervals, and did some pretty work at rather long ranges with the carbines. The enemy would see us coming, and start to run up side streets, and then riding forward, we dismounted and potted at them. I saw a corporal "get a man" who was running upwards of six blocks away—it was luck, of course. The police were now seen posted along at intervals, and were going into houses to tell the people of the order to remain in-doors for twenty-four hours more, which was the latest from headquarters, and I suppose was intended to give the police and troops an opportunity to seek out armed insurgents.

I got back to camp, dismounted, and being hungry, bethought me of the Auditorium for breakfast. I didn't think, after the pounding the hotel had gotten in the early evening previous, that they would come out strong on an early breakfast, but they did fairly well. You remember Ed Kennedy, the popular clerk there—well, he was shot and badly wounded while behind the desk, after the bomb drew our fire. He will get around all right, I am told.

I saw some of the execution of those hundreds of prisoners next day, but I didn't care to see much. They piled them on flat-cars as though they had been cord-wood, and buried them out in the country somewhere. Most of them were hobos, anarchists, and toughs of the worst type, and I think they "left their country for their country's good." Chicago is thoroughly worked up now, and if they keep with the present attention to detail, they will have a fine population left. The good citizens have a monster vigilance committee, and I am afraid will do many things which are not entirely just, but it is the reaction from lawlessness, and cannot be helped. They have been terribly exasperated by the rioting and license of the past. Of course, my dear friend, all this never really happened, but it all might very easily have happened if the mob had continued to monkey with the military buzz-saw.

Yours faithfully, Jack.

# THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE DEPUTATION.

HE sat silent so long, with his eyes on the table, that presently I grew nettled, wondering what ailed him, and why he did not speak and say the things that I expected. I had been so confident of the advice he would give me that from the first I had tinged my story with the appropriate color; I had let my bitterness be seen; I had suppressed no scornful word, but supplied him with all the ground he could desire for giving me the advice I supposed to be upon his lips.

And yet he did not speak. A hundred times I had heard him declare his sympathy with the people, his hatred of the corruption, the selfishness, the abuses, of the government; within the hour I had seen his eye kindle as he spoke of the fall of the Bastille. It was at his word I had burned the *carcan;* at his instance I had spent a large sum in feeding the village during the famine of the past year. Yet now, now when I expected him to rise up and bid me do my part, he was silent!

I had to speak at last. "Well," I said, irritably, "have you nothing to say, M. le Curé?" And I moved one of the candles so as to get a better view of his features. But he still looked down at the table, he still avoided my eye, his thin face thoughtful, his hand toying with the crumbs.

"At last, M. le Vicomte," he said, softly, "through my mother's mother I too am noble."

I gasped; not at the fact, with which I was familiar, but at the application I thought he intended. "And for that," I said, amazed, "you would—"

He raised his hand to stop me. "No," he said, gently, "I would not. Because, for all that, I am of the people by birth, and of the poor by my calling. But—"

"But what?" I said, peevishly.

Instead of answering me, he rose from his seat, and taking up one of the candles, turned to the panelled wall behind him, on which hung a full-length portrait of my father, framed in a curious border of carved foliage. He read the name below it. "Antoine du Pont, Vicomte de Saux," he said, as if to himself. "He was a good man, and a friend to the poor. God keep him!"

He lingered a moment, gazing at the grave, handsome face, and doubtless recalling many things; then he passed, holding the candle aloft, to another picture, which flanked the table; each wall boasted one. "Adrien du Pont, Vicomte de Saux," he read, "Colonel of the Regiment Flamande. He was killed, I think, at Minden. Knight of St. Louis, and of the King's bedchamber. A handsome man, and doubtless a gallant gentleman. I never knew him."

I answered nothing, but my face began to burn, as he passed to a third picture behind me. "Antoine du Pont, Vicomte de Saux," he read, holding up the candle, "Marshal and Peer of France, Knight of the King's Orders, a Colonel of the Household, and of the King's Council. Died of the plague, at Genoa, in 1710. I think I have heard that he married a Rohan."

He looked long, then passed to the fourth wall, and stood a moment, quite silent. "And this one?" he said, at last. "He, I think, has the noblest face of all. Antoine Seigneur du Pont de Saux, of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, Preceptor of the French-tongue. Died at Valetta in the year after the Great Siege—of his wounds, some say; of incredible labors and exertions, says the Order. A Christian soldier."

It was the last picture, and after gazing at it a moment, he brought the candle back and set it down with its two fellows on the shining table; that with the panelled walls swallowed up all the light, and left only our faces white and bright with a halo round them and darkness behind. He bowed to me. "M. le Vicomte," he said at last, in a voice which shook a little, "you come of a noble stock."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

"HIS COSTUME WAS AS GREAT A SURPRISE AS HIS APPEARANCE."

I shrugged my shoulders. "It is known," I said. "And for that?"

"I dare not advise you."

"But the cause is good," I cried, protesting.

"Yes," he answered, slowly. "I have been saying so all my life. I dare not say otherwise now. But—the cause of the people is the people's. Leave it to the people."

"*You* say that!" I answered, angry and perplexed. "You who have told me a hundred times that I am of the people; that the nobility are of the people; that there are only two things in France—the King and the people!"

He smiled somewhat sadly, tapping on the table with his fingers. "That was theory," he said. "I try to put it into practice and my heart fails me. Because I too have a little nobility, M. le Vicomte, and know what it is."

"I don't understand you," I said, in despair. "You blow hot and cold, M. le Curé. I told you just now that I spoke for the people at the meeting of the noblesse, and you approved."

"It was nobly done."

"Yet now?"

"I say the same thing," Father Benôit answered, his fine face illumined with feeling. "It was nobly done. Fight for the people, M. le Vicomte, but among your fellows. Let your voice be heard there, where all you will gain for yourself will be obloquy and black looks. But if it comes, if it has come, to a struggle between your class and the commons, between the nobility and the vulgar, if the noble must side with his fellows or take the people's pay, then"—Father Benôit's voice trembled a little, and his thin white hand tapped softly on the table—"I would rather see you ranked with your kind."

"Against the people?"

"Yes, against the people," he answered, shrinking a little.

I was astonished. "But, heavens," I said, "the smallest logic—"

"Ah!" he answered, shaking his head sadly, and looking at me with kind eyes. "Yes, logic is against me. Reason too. The cause of the people, the cause of reform, of honesty, of cheap grain, of equal justice, *must* be a good one. And who forwards it *must* be in the right. That is so, M. le Vicomte. Nay, more than that. If the people are left to fight their battle alone, the danger of excesses is greater. I see that. But instinct does not let me act on the knowledge."

"Yet M. de Mirabeau?" I said. "I have heard you call him a great man."

"It is true," Father Benôit answered, keeping his eyes on mine, while he drummed softly on the table with his fingers.

"I have heard you speak of him with admiration?"

"Often."

"And of M. de Lafayette?"

"Yes."

"And the Lameths?"

M. le Curé nodded.

"Yet all these," I said, stubbornly, "are nobles—nobles leading the people."

"Yes," he said.

"And you do not blame them?"

"No, I do not blame them."

"Nay, you admire them! You admire them, father," I persisted, glowering at him.

"I know I do," he said. "I know that I am weak and a fool. Perhaps worse, M. le Vicomte, in that I have not the courage of my convictions. But, though I admire those men, though I think them great and to be admired, I have heard men speak of them who thought otherwise; and—it may be weak—but I knew you as a boy, and I would not have men speak so of you. There are things we admire at a distance," he continued, looking at me a little drolly to hide the affection that shone in his eyes, "which we nevertheless do not desire to find in those we love. Odium heaped on a stranger is nothing to us; on our friends—it were worse than death."

He stopped, his voice trembling, and we were both silent for a while. Still, I would not let him see how much his words had touched me, and by-and-by, "But my father?" I said: "He was strongly on the side of reform."

"Yes, by the nobles, for the people."

"But the nobles have cast me out," I answered, warmly. "Because I have gone a yard I have lost all. Shall I not go two and win all back?"

"Win all," he said, softly, "but lose how much?"

"Yet, if the people win? And you say they will."

"Even then, Tribune of the People," he answered, gently, "and an outcast!"

They were the very same words I had applied to myself by the way, and I started. With sudden vividness I saw the picture they presented, and understood why Father Benôit had hesitated so long in my case. With the purest intentions and the most upright heart I could not make myself other than what I was; I should rise, were my energy crowned with success, to a point of splendid isolation, suspected by the people whose benefactor I had been, hated and cursed by the nobles whom I had deserted.

Such a prospect might have been far from deterring some; it might have lured others. But I found myself in this moment of clear vision no hero. Old prejudices stirred in the blood; old traditions born of centuries of precedence and privilege awoke in the memory. A shiver of doubt and mistrust—such as I suppose has tormented reformers from the first, and caused all but the hardiest to flinch—passed through me, as I gazed across the candles at the Curé. I feared the people, the unknown. The howl of exultation that had rent the air in the Market-place at Cahors, the brutal cries that had hailed Gontaut's fall, rang again in my ears. I shrank back, as a man shrinks who finds himself on the brink of an abyss, and through the wavering mist, parted for a brief instant by the wind, sees the cruel rocks and jagged points that wait for him below.

It was a moment of extraordinary prevision, and though it passed immediately, and left me conscious of the silent room and the good Curé—who affected to be snuffing one of the long candles—the effect it produced on my mind continued. After Father Benôit had gone and the house was closed, I walked for an hour up and down the walnut avenue, now standing to gaze through the wide open iron gates that gave upon the road, now turning my back on them and staring at the gray, gaunt, steep-roofed house, with its flanking tower and round tourelle.

Henceforth I made up my mind I would stand aside. I would welcome reform, and do in private what I could to forward it. But I would not a second time set myself against my fellows. I had had the courage of my opinions; no man could say that I had hidden them; but after this I would stand aside and watch the course of events.

A cock crowed at the rear of the house—untimely; and across the hushed fields came the barking of a distant dog. As I stood listening, while the solemn stars gazed down, the slight which the St. Alais had put upon me dwindled—dwindled and shrank to its true dimensions. I thought of Mademoiselle Denise, of the bride I had lost, with a faint regret that was almost amusement. What would she think of this sudden rupture, I wondered—of this strange loss of her fiancé? Would it awaken her curiosity, her interest? Or would she, fresh from her convent school, think that things in the world went commonly so, that fiancés came and passed, and receptions found their natural end in riot?

I laughed softly, pleased that I had made up my mind. But, had I known, as I listened to the rustling of the poplars in the road and the sounds that came out of the darkened world beyond them, what was passing there—had I known that, I should have felt even greater satisfaction. For this was Wednesday, the 22d of July, and that night Paris still palpitated after viewing strange things. For the first time she had heard the horrid cry, "À la lanterne!" and seen a man, old and white-headed, hanged and tortured, until death freed him. She had seen another, the Intendant of the City, flung down, trampled, and torn to pieces in his own streets, publicly, in full day, in the presence of thousands. She had seen these things, trembling, and other things that had made the cheeks of reformers grow pale, and betrayed to all thinking men that below Lafayette, below Bailly, below the Municipality and the Electoral Committee, roared and seethed the awakened forces of the Faubourgs, of St. Antoine and St. Marceau.

Such outrages, remaining unpunished, were not slow—we know it now—to spread. The provinces within a week followed the lead of Paris. Already on the 21st the mob of Strasbourg had sacked the Hôtel de Ville and destroyed the archives. During the same week the bastilles at Bordeaux and Caen were taken and destroyed. At Rouen, at Rennes, at Lyons, at St. Malo, were great riots with fighting, and nearer Paris, at Poissy and St. Germain, the populace hung the millers. But as far as Cahors was concerned, it was not until the astonishing tidings of the King's surrender reached us a few days later, tidings that on the 17th of July he had entered insurgent Paris and tamely acquiesced in the destruction of the Bastille—it was not until that news reached us, and hard on its heels a rumor of the second rising on the 23d and the slaughter of Foulon and Berthier—it was not until then that the country round us began to be moved. Father Benôit, with a face of astonishment and doubt, brought me the tidings, and we walked on the terrace discussing it. Doubtless reports containing more or less of the truth had reached the city before, and, giving men something else to think of, had saved me from challenge or molestation. But in the country, where I had spent the week in moody unrest, and not unfrequently reversing in the morning the decision at which I had arrived in the night, I had heard nothing until the curé came—I think, on the morning of the 29th of July.

"And what do you think now?" I said, thoughtfully, when I had listened to his tale.

"Only what I did before," he answered, stoutly. "It has come. Without money, without soldiers who will fight, with a starving people, with men's minds full of theories and abstractions that all tend towards change, what can a government do?"

"Cease to govern," I said, tartly. "And that is not what any one wants."

"There must be a period of unrest," he replied, but less confidently. "The combined forces of order, however, have always triumphed. And I don't doubt that they will again."

"After a period of unrest," I said.

"Yes," he answered. "I confess, I wish that we were through it. But we must be of good heart, M. le Vicomte. We must trust the people; we must confide in their good sense, their capacity for government, their moderation—"

"What is it, Gil?" I said, interrupting him with a gesture of apology. The servant had come out of the house, and was waiting to speak to me.

"M. Andoury, monsieur, from Cahors," he answered.

"The innkeeper?"

"Yes, monsieur, and Buton. They ask to see you."

"Together?" I said. It seemed a strange conjunction.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Well, shew them here," I answered, after consulting my companion's face. "But Andoury? I paid my bill. What can he want?"

"We shall see," Father Benôit answered, his eyes on the door. "Here they come. Umph! M. le Vicomte," he continued, in a lower tone, "I feel less confident."

I suppose he guessed something akin to the truth; but for my part I was completely at a loss. The innkeeper, a sleek, complaisant man, of whom, though I had known him some years, I had never seen much beyond the crown of his head, nor ever thought of him as separate from his guests and his ordinary, wore, as he advanced, a strange motley of dignity and subservience, now strutting with pursed lips and an air of extreme importance, and now stopping to bow in a shamefaced and half-hearted manner. His costume was as great a surprise as his appearance; for instead of his citizen's suit of black, he sported a blue suit with gold buttons and a canary waistcoat, with a gold-headed cane; sober splendors, which nevertheless paled before two large bunches of ribbons, white, red, and blue, which he wore, one on his breast and one in his hat.

His companion, who followed a foot or two behind him, his giant frame and sunburnt face setting off the citizen's

plumpness, was similarly bedizened. But though beribboned and strangely companied, he was still Buton. His face reddened as he met my eyes, and he shielded himself as well as he could behind Andoury's form.

"Good-morning, Andoury," I said. I could have laughed at the awkward complaisance of the man's manner, if something in the gravity of the curé's face had not restrained me. "What brings you to Saux?" I continued. "And what can I do for you?"

"If it please you, M. le Vicomte—" he began. Then he paused, and straightening himself—for habit had bent his back—he concluded, abruptly: "Public business, monsieur. And to have the honor of conferring with you on it."

"With me!" I said, amazed. "On public business!"

He smiled in a sickly way, but stuck to his text. "Even so, monsieur," he said. "There are such great changes, and—and so great need of advice."

"That I ought not to wonder at M. Andoury seeking it at Saux?"

"Even so, monsieur."

I did not try to hide my contempt and amusement, but shrugged my shoulders and looked at the curé. "Well," I said, "and what is it? Have you been selling bad wine? Or do you want the number of courses limited by act of the States-General? Or—"

"Monsieur," he said, with an attempt at dignity, "this is no time for jesting. In the present crisis innkeepers have as much at stake as, with reverence, the noblesse; and deserted by those who should lead them—"

"What, the innkeepers!" I cried.

He grew as red as beet root. "M. le Vicomte understands that I mean the people," he said, stiffly. "Who, deserted, I say, by their natural leaders—"

"For instance?"

"M. le Duc d'Artois, M. le Prince de Condé, M. le Duc de Polignac, M.—"

"Bah!" I said. "How have they deserted?"

"Pardieu, monsieur! Have you not heard?" he said.

"What?"

"That they have left France? That on the night of the 17th, three days after the capture of the Bastille, the princes of the blood left France by stealth, and—"

"Impossible!" I said. "Why?"

"That is the very question, monsieur," he answered, with eager forwardness, "that is being asked. Some say that they thought to punish Paris by withdrawing from it. Some that they did it to show their disapproval of his most gracious Majesty's amnesty, which was announced on that day. Some that they stood in fear. Some even that they anticipated Foulon's fate—"

"Man!" I cried, stopping him sternly, for I found this too much for my stomach; "you rave! Go back to your menus and your bouillis! What do you know about state affairs? Why, in my grandfather's time," I continued, wrathfully, "if you had spoken of princes of the blood after that fashion you would have tasted bread and water for six months, and been lucky had you got off unwhipped."

The innkeeper quailed before me, and forgetting his new part in old habits, muttered an apology. He had not meant to give offence, he said. I was preparing to read him a lesson on this, when, to my astonishment, Buton intervened. "But, monsieur, that is thirty years back," he said, doggedly.

"Why, you villain," I exclaimed, almost breathless with astonishment, "what do you do in this galère?"

"I am with him," he answered, indicating his companion by a sullen gesture.

"On state business?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Why, mon Dieu!" I cried, staring at him between amazement and incredulity. "If this is true, why did you not bring the watch-dog as well, and Farmer Jean's ram, and the goodwife's cat, and M. Andoury's turnspit, and—"

M. le Curé touched my arm. "Perhaps you had better hear what they have to say," he said, softly. "Afterwards, M. le Vicomte—"

I nodded sulkily. "What is it, then?" I said. "Ask what you want to ask."

"The Intendant has fled," Andoury answered, recovering something of his lost dignity, "and we are forming, in pursuance of advice received from Paris, and following the glorious example of that city, monsieur, a committee—a committee to administer the affairs of the district. From that committee I, monsieur, with my good friend here, have the honor to be a deputation."

"With him?" I said, unable to control myself longer. "But, in Heaven's name, what has he to do with the committee or the affairs of the district?" And I pointed with relentless finger to Buton, who reddened under his tan, and moved his huge feet uneasily, but did not speak.

"He is a member of it," the innkeeper answered, with a side glance at his colleague which seemed to express anything but liking. "This committee, to be as perfect as possible, Monsieur le Vicomte will understand, must represent all classes."

"Even mine, I suppose," I said, with a sneer.

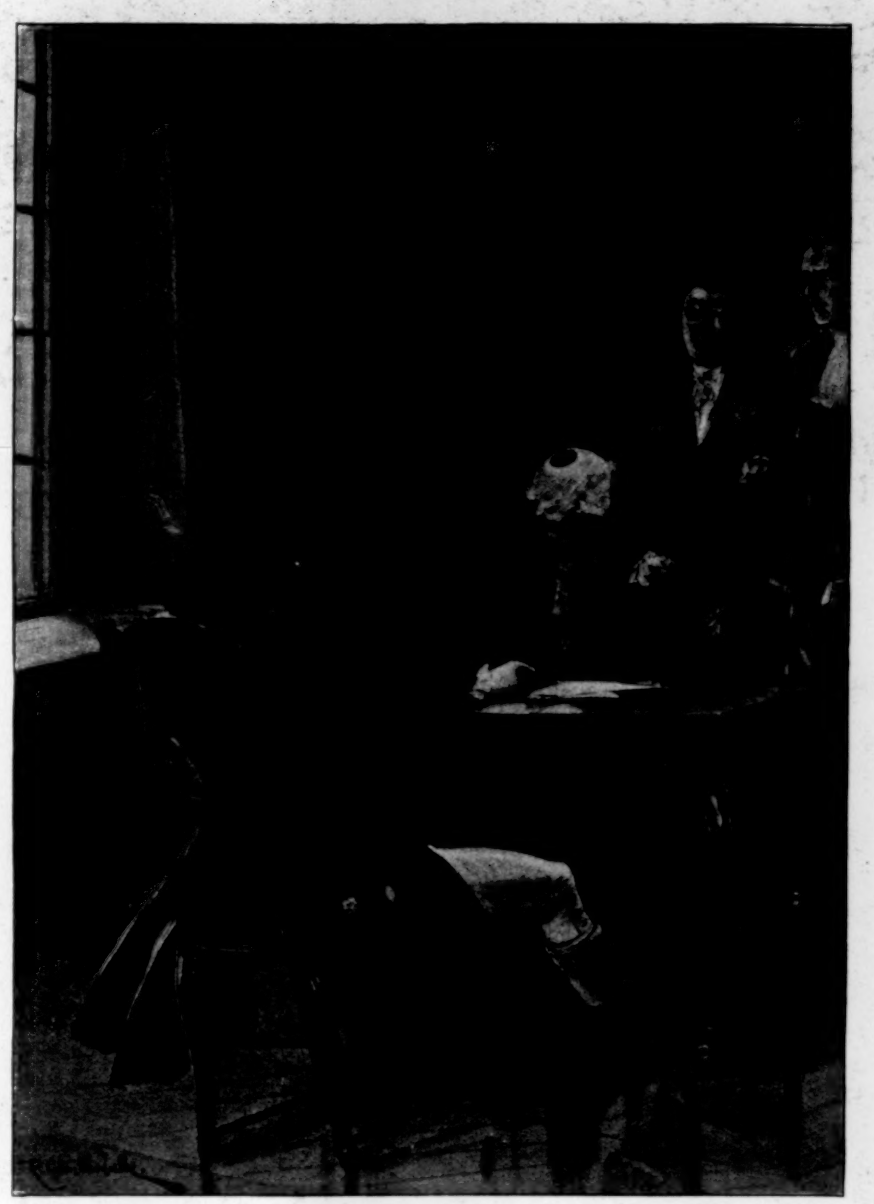
"It is on that business we have come," he answered, awkwardly. "To ask, in a word, M. le Vicomte, that you will allow yourself to be elected a member; and not only a member—"

"What elevation!"

"—but President of the Committee."

After all, it was no more than I had been foreseeing. It had come suddenly, but in the main it was only that in sober fact which I had foreseen in a dream. Called the mandate of the people, it had sounded well; by the mouth of Andoury the innkeeper, Buton assessor, it jarred every nerve in me. I say it should not have surprised me. While such things were happening in the world—with a King who stood by and saw his fortress taken and his servants killed, and pardoned the rebels; with an Intendant of Paris slaughtered in his own streets; with rumors and riots in every province, and flying princes, and swinging millers—there was really nothing wonderful in the invitation. And now, looking back, I find nothing surprising in it. I have lived to see men once of the same trade as Andoury stand by the throne glittering in stars and orders, and a smith born in the forge sit down to dine with emperors. But that July day, on the terrace at Saux, the offer seemed of all farces the wildest, and of all impertinences the most absurd.

"Merci, monsieur," I said at last, when I had recovered from my astonishment. "If I understand you rightly you ask me to sit on the same committee with that man?" And I pointed grimly to Buton. "With the peasant born on my land, and subject yesterday to my justice? With the serf whom my father freed? With the workman living on my wages?"



"'WHAT IS IT, THEN?' I SAID. 'ASK WHAT YOU WANT TO ASK.'"

Andoury glanced at his colleague. "Well, M. le Vicomte," he said, coughing, "to be perfect, you understand, a committee must represent all."

"A committee!" I retorted, unable to repress my scorn. "It is a new thing in France. And what is the perfect committee to do?"

M. Andoury on a sudden recovered himself, and swelled with importance. "The Intendant has fled," he said. "And people no longer trust the magistrates. There are rumors of brigands, too; and corn is required. With all this the committee must deal, monsieur. It must take measures to keep the peace, to supply the city, to satisfy the soldiers, to consider future steps. Besides, M. le Vicomte," he continued, "it will correspond with Paris; it will—"

"In a word," I said, quietly, "it will govern. The King, I suppose, having abdicated."

Andoury shrank bodily, and even lost some of his color. "God forbid!" he cried, in a whining tone. "It will do all in his Majesty's name."

"And by his authority?"

The innkeeper stared at me, startled and nonplussed, and muttered something about the people.

"Ah!" I said. "It is the people who invite me to govern, then, is it? With an innkeeper and a peasant? And other innkeepers and peasants, I suppose? To govern! To usurp his Majesty's functions? To supersede his magistrates; to bribe his forces? In a word, friend Andoury," I continued, suavely, "to commit treason? Treason, you understand?"

The innkeeper did, and he wiped his forehead with a shaking hand, and stood scared and speechless, looking at me piteously. A second time the blacksmith took it on himself to answer. "Monseigneur—" he muttered, drawing his great black hand across his beard.

"Buton," I answered, suavely, "permit me. For a man who aspires to govern the country, you are too respectful."

"You have omitted one thing it is for the committee to do," the giant answered, hoarsely, looking, like a timid yet sullen dog, anywhere but in my face.

"And that is?"

"To protect the seigneurs."

I stared at him between anger and surprise. This was a new light. After a pause, "From whom?" I said, curtly.

"Their people," he answered.

"Their Butons," I said. "I see. We are to be burned in our beds, are we?"

He stood sulkily silent.

"Thank you, Buton," I said. "And that is your return for a winter's corn. Merci! In this world it is profitable to do good!"

The man reddened through his tan, and on a sudden looked at me for the first time. "You know that you lie, M. le Vicomte," he said.

"Lie, sirrah?" I cried.

"Yes, monsieur," he answered, "you know that I would die for the seigneur, as much as if the iron collar were round my neck; that before fire touched the house of Saux it should burn me; that I am my lord's man, alive and dead. But, monseigneur," and as he continued he lowered his tone to one of solemn earnestness, striking in a man so rough, "there are abuses, and there must be an end of them. There are tyrants, and they must go. There are men and women and children starving, and there must be an end of that. There is grinding of the faces of the poor, monseigneur—not here, but everywhere round us—and there must be an end of that. And the poor pay taxes and the rich go free; the poor make the roads and the rich use them; the poor have no salt while the King eats gold. To all these things there is now to be an end; quietly, if the seigneurs will, but an end. An end, monseigneur, though we burn châteaux," he added, grimly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A MEMORIAL TO BISHOP BROOKS.

WHEN the Church of the Incarnation at Madison Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street in this city shall have received the bronze bass-relief statue of Bishop Phillips Brooks that Mr. William Clark Noble has just completed in the clay and sent to the bronze-foundry, it will possess one of the largest and most remarkable examples of ecclesiastical portrait-sculpture in this country.

In respect to the importance of the subject and the successful sculptural treatment, one might find it difficult to point out the superior, or even the equal, of this splendid work of art. There is no trickery here, no striving after any effect other than truth, no attempt at mere picturesqueness that might be decorative only. Massiveness of figure, dignity of carriage, and gracious personality—qualities that made Bishop Brooks so uncommon a man—characterize this almost speaking representation of him. Here is Phillips Brooks to the life, impressive in presence, sweet and grave in expression, familiar in pose. Even the architectural surroundings of the figure, part Gothic and part Byzantine, emphasize the broad humanity and catholicity of the man. The figure is between low and mezzo relief; yet it has all the appearance of the highest relief; sculptors who have seen it can scarcely be convinced that it is less than fifteen or twenty inches high. This end has been attained through a very skilful and original method of modelling that produces the effect almost of a full round statue by placing every part of the figure in the proper plane, while still keeping it all practically flat. The head is a fine piece of modelling. It is full face front—a pose that is daring, and almost unique in modern portrait relief sculpture. In modern times sculptors seem to have been willing to confine themselves to the profile as less difficult, even if sometimes less perfect in results. Mr. Noble's work is a very satisfactory innovation.

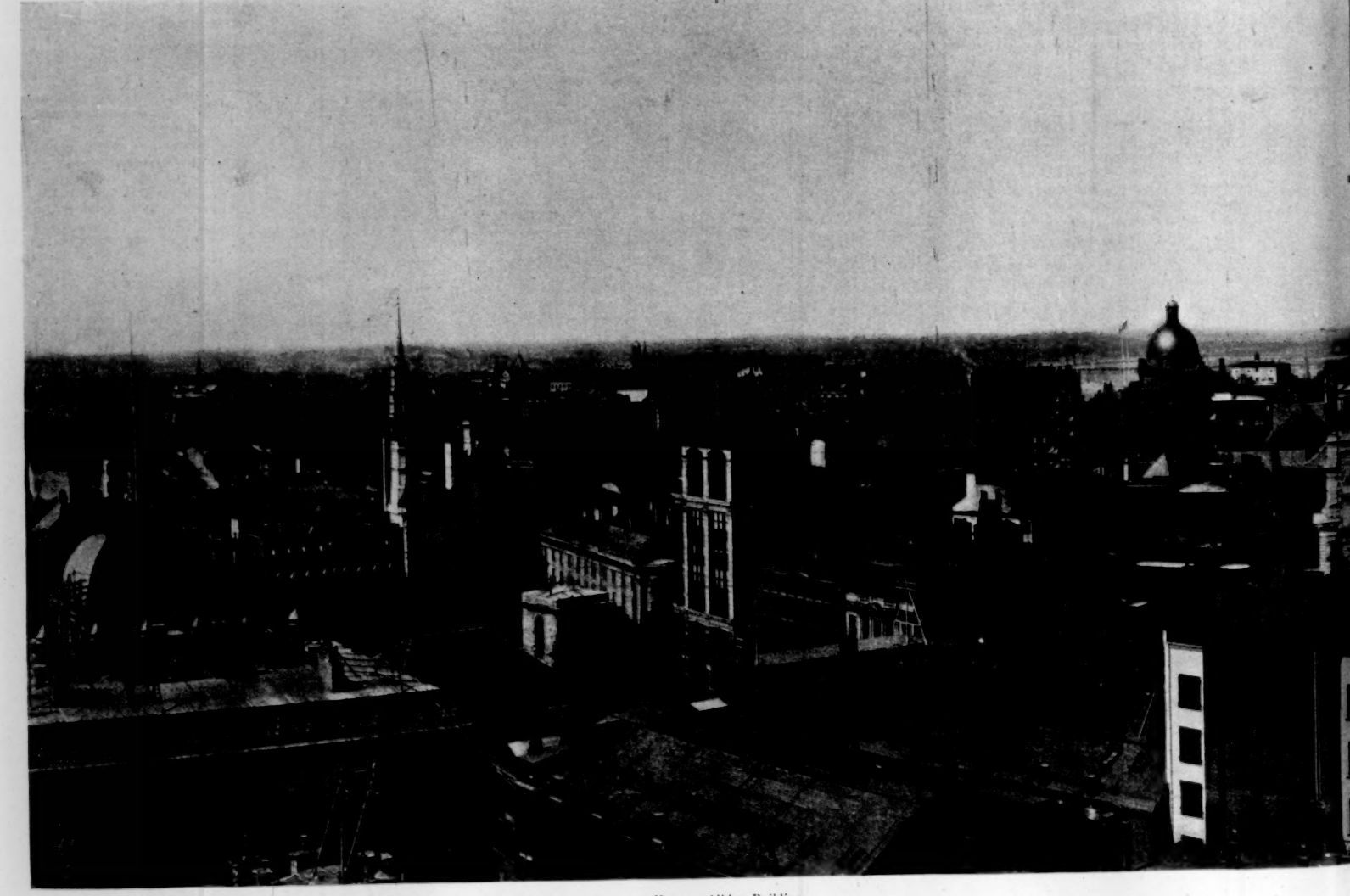
The relief is a commission from Rev. Dr. Arthur Brooks, a brother of Bishop Brooks, as a memorial for the Church of the Incarnation. It was modelled with special reference to the position that it will hold on the wall of the church, in a darkened interior with trying cross-lights playing over it. The cross-hatching behind the figure and the architectural border will have the effect of a strong dark background, throwing the figure forward and strikingly accentuating it. The figure itself is nearly seven feet high, and it was necessarily photographed on the line of vision. In the church the relief will be elevated to a position where it will appear life size, or about six feet four inches, and what seems in the photograph to be an unnatural length of figure will disappear. An elaborate mosaic of marble and onyx by Louis Tiffany will surround it.

Grand Junction Elevator of Bo

Faneuil Hall. Faneuil Hall Market. Commercial Street Warehouses.

LOOKING EAST FROM AMES BU

Park Street Church. Trinity Church. Arlington St. Church. New Old South Church. State House.

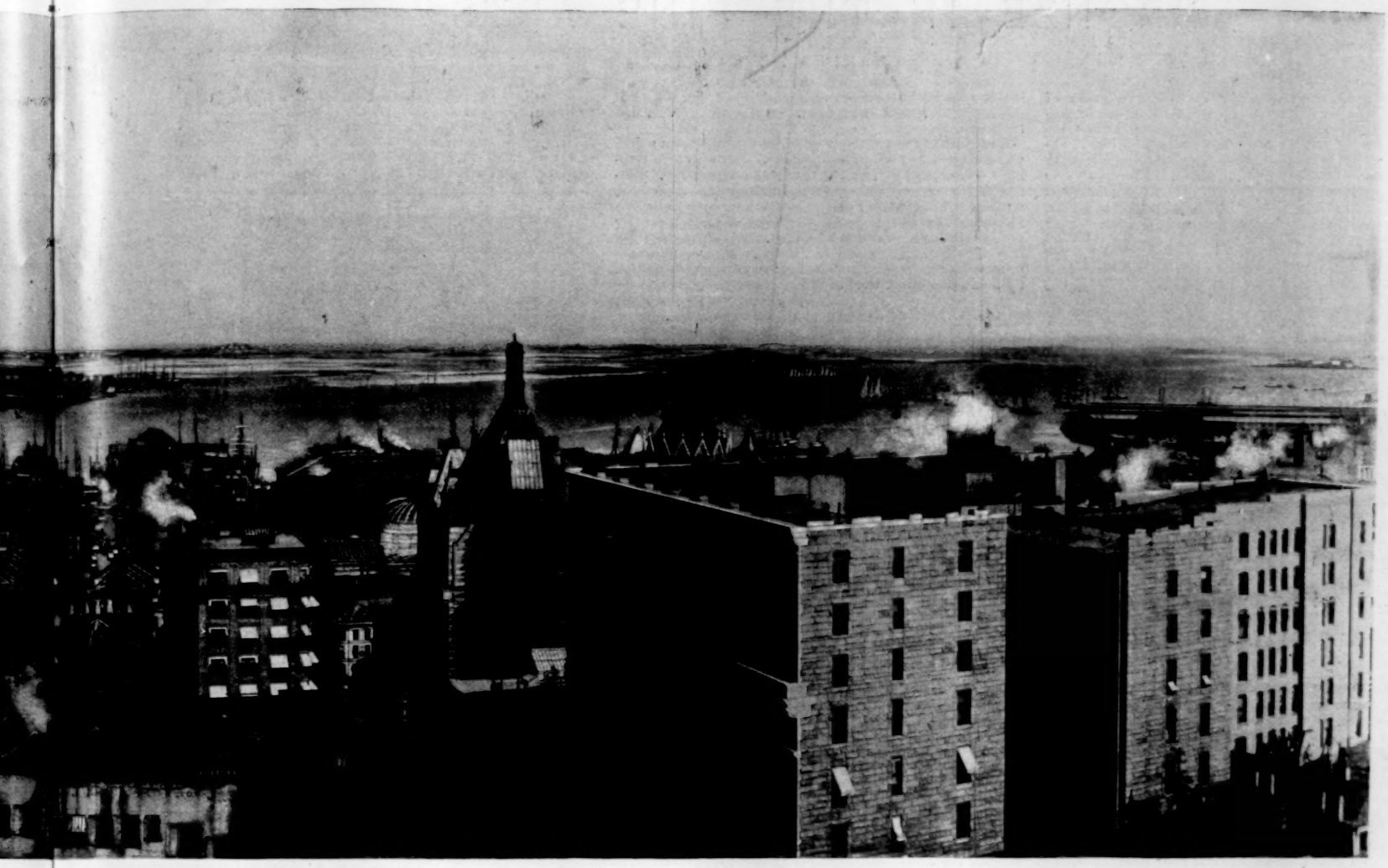


City Hall. Parker House. King's Chapel. Tremont House. Albion Building. Boston Museum.

LOOKING WEST FROM AMES BUIL

PANORAMIC VIEWS OF THE CITY OF BOST

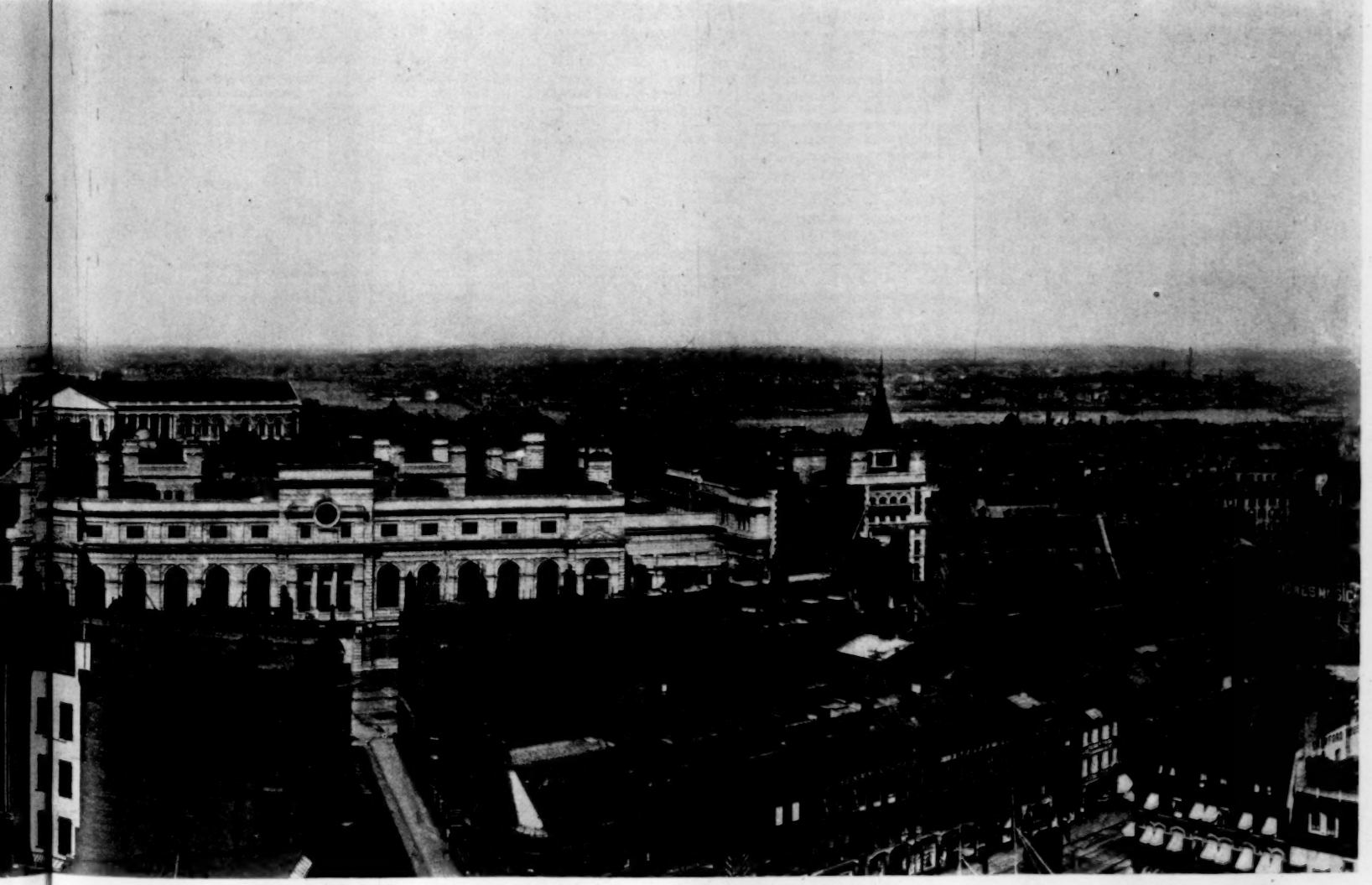
...tor of Boston and Albany Railroad. State Street Block Fiske Building. Chamber of Commerce Building.



Farley Building. Custom-House. Exchange Building on State Street.

...IES BUILDING, SHOWING THE HARBOR.

New State House Extension. Suffolk County Jail. West Church.



New Court-House in Pemberton Square. Criminal Courts Wing of Court-House. Tremont Row. Howard Athenæum.

...BUILDING, SHOWING THE CHARLES RIVER.

...OSTON.—From Photographs by N. L. Stebbins.—[See Page 114.]

# BRONZE IN THE FINE ARTS.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.

BRONZE has a charm of its own, a character of its own that metals of greater cost do not possess. It is an alloy of copper and tin, or some other metal; but, like certain hybrids, it appeals to human sympathies, standing closer to human life than things of purer strain. The very name suggests the great extinct civilizations whose members used it with so much wisdom in the industries and arts, carving with its aid ivory and the hardest stone, casting and fashioning from it knife and razor as well as shield and sword, moulding it into the husbandman's sickle and the woman's mirror as well as the warrior's spear. It is an alloy of copper that does not pose for its value, but has been content with a sturdy usefulness throughout a career that extends from the early dawn of civilization to the present day.

GRILLE FOR NEW NETHERLAND HOTEL.—Designed by W. R. Hume.

Objects in bronze have taught us much concerning the life and customs of pristine races, because it does not chip like stone, nor rust like iron and silver, nor moulder as wood will when exposed to moisture in the earth or air.

At a period far beyond the reach of history bronze occupied the most conspicuous place of any metal in the thoughts of mankind. To-day it enters into the arts and sciences undiminished in usefulness. Statuary became in time beholden to it for a material at once convenient and handsome, and in the form of coins, medals, and tokens it has kept the record of men and peoples utterly vanished from history.

The clash of the pagan sword of bronze on brazen shield was followed by the sonorous tones of Christian bells ringing for birth and joy, tolling for death and disaster. Statues in bronze gave men a formal immortality, and bells, which originally were made of stone, became in their perfected bronze shape the audible symbol of an immortality promised to the followers of Christ. Hence the detestation of bells by the pagans of Europe. If in remote ages brooches, helmets, and personal ornaments generally used by men and women were of bronze, to-day cannon and the hulls of yachts are made of the same metal.

The dictionaries strive to connect bronze with old words of Teutonic stock meaning and sounding like brown, but they do not bring conviction. Bronze is not especially brown in color, although beautiful patinas in shades of brown can be formed on its surface. In the old songs and legends bronze spear-heads seem to have impressed bards as red (when polished) or green or blue rather than brown. As to Italian tongues, bronze is a comparatively late word. In all likelihood they are right who say it came into them from Brundisium æs, "Brindisi metal," because Brindisi was the chief port whence the products of the Levant spread through Italy, just as copper or cuprum came from Cuprium æs, "Cyprus metal." Many if not all the metals known to Greeks and Romans seem to have shared such derivation from the place whence they came, or were thought to come. I would suggest that for the Latin races, aurum, gold, may well have been the Afrum æs, "African metal," because, with respect to Italy, Africa was the place whence gold came in largest quantity. Perhaps it will be found that the old Greek term for bronze, "chalkos," comes likewise from the name of a seaport or region whence the Phœnicians brought bronze to Greece.

In mediæval times we have similar derivations of the names of articles and stuffs from towns and countries, such as arras, muslin, china, diaper, turkey—to mention merely those that first come to mind. It is a tradition of Chalkis in Eubœa that the town took its name from the copper-mines near by. The bronzy look of a certain lizard induced the ancients to call it chalkidike, like the district of Thrace on the Ægean. The many towns in Greece named Chalkis or Chalké seem to refer to the favorite metal of the peoples about the Mediterranean on their emergence from the age of polished stone. Doubtless towns whose citizens dealt in manufactured copper or bronze obtained great fame among the country people, and in many cases took their name from "chalkos," itself originally a place name. We get a hint from the names given by the Greeks to places in Indo-China, concerning which their knowledge was naturally vague. Thus in Farther India they placed a Chryse and a Golden Chersonese, because gold was an export from India. Perhaps chrysos, gold, came from Chrysé in Mysia, and arguros, silver, from Argyria in Phrygia. In any case, these coincidences are noteworthy and supply a want—the record of word-meanings for metals.

Mr. Petrie thinks he has reason to establish for Egypt an age of copper immediately before the age of bronze. The polished stone age held on for centuries along the Nile in religious rites and in architecture, whilst copper, bronze, and iron came successively into use without driving either stone or other metals out.

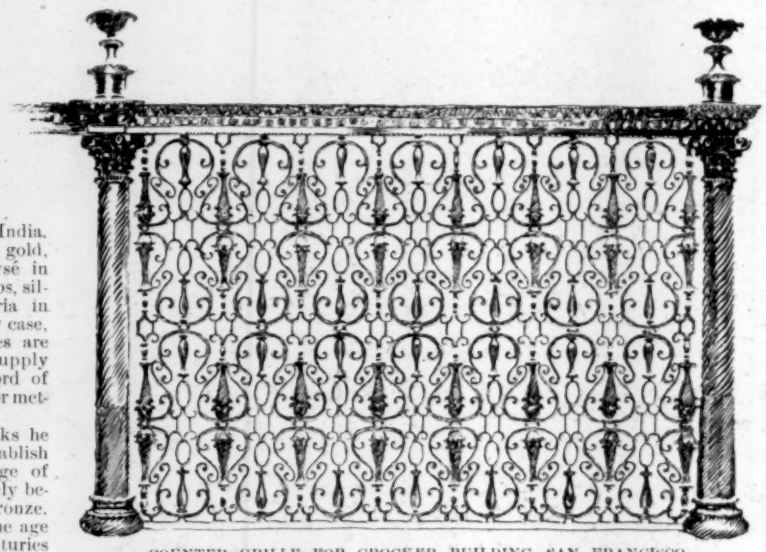
In remote antiquity bronze meant a fairly high civilization, since its presence indicates a higher grade than that held by North American Indians. These did not smelt copper, but beat it into shape in moulds of stone, perhaps after roasting the ore a little to soften it. Among the Mediterraneans, even after smelting was learnt, it must have been long before the good effects of an admixture of tin with copper were discovered. Tin is a rather rare metal. It makes copper stronger, less liable to fracture, easier to melt, and the addition of a little lead or zinc keeps the molten mass yet more fluid. The commonest proportion is nine parts of copper to one of tin; but silver, nickel, aluminum, and lead have been used in place of or together with tin to vary the alloy and obtain some specially desirable qualities of flux and color.

With the preponderance of iron and perhaps of steel as more efficient material for weapons and armor, certainly much cheaper and nearer to hand, bronze retired partially from the field of war, only to occupy larger space in statuary, so that in our day "a bronze" means a figure or group cast in that metal. But the black did not overcome the red metal at once. It was long before peoples who were used to handle bronze scythes and axes would give up their ancestral weapons and tools. In the bronze age—a somewhat vague term, but an undoubted epoch of the past—artificers knew how to give wonderful hardness and edge to bronze blades. The latter were elastic, and in battle often got out of shape, but a system seems to have prevailed in the old armies of Europe whereby the warriors whose swords and darts were blunted or twisted could turn their damaged weapons over to smiths accompanying the fight, and have them hammered out and retempered on the field. Irish literature contains evidence of this. It accounts for the fact that the old races held to bronze long after the superiority of iron in some respects was established.

THE PURITAN.—By J. Q. A. Ward.

BASS-RELIEF STATUE OF BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS AT THE CHURCH OF THE INCARNATION, NEW YORK.
By W. Clark Noble.

[A special article descriptive of this Memorial Statue to Bishop Brooks will be found on page 107.]



COUNTER GRILLE FOR CROCKER BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO.
Designed by A. Page Brown. Made by John Williams.

Few workshops are more attractive than bronze-foundries—broad light and shade, simple large interiors with great cranes for hoisting, an earthen floor, vast rafters overhead. Silent intent figures in blue overalls bend over strangely shaped moulds, or chase the cast metal at benches set with various tools. In one part the comparatively noiseless but slow and laborious task of ramming in the materials for the moulds, in which a special kind of Paris sand is an ingredient; elsewhere the clang of hammers chipping and smoothing the castings, or the grind of augers biting the metal, turning swiftly under that primeval implement fashioned like a bow and bowstring, which savages invented in the remotest past, at first to aid in twirling the firestick to produce fire, then to pierce shell and bone.

Great is the excitement when the moment arrives to cast a large statue, or the frame-work to such a door as Trinity Church, New York, can boast. For weeks the

GATES FOR GENERAL THOMAS.
Designed by Cottier & Co. Made by John Williams.

master-workmen have been fashioning the core and outer moulds; these must be so adjusted to each other that the spaces between core and mould are just right in width throughout. Every part must be calculated to resist the rush of flaming metal; every section of the mould must be properly strong and supported aright. In the crevices between core and mould there must be no rubbish nor sand nor fallen particles. The holes made as vents for gases must be clear of dust. No moisture must exist anywhere to spring into steam under the intense heat of the metal, wrecking the work of months, and imperilling the founders. For greater security, in case the mould should give way, the dangerous work is done in a pit dug from the floor of the foundry. When all is ready, everything tested, the metal in perfect fusion, then the great steel buckets are lowered into the seething mass and raised again. Dripping liquid fire, they are carried over to the pit and pour a glorious run of lava through the opening of the mould. Despatch is the word, lest the metal lose any of its fluidity, and fail to penetrate every twist and turn of the mould, fill each wrinkle and hollow, drive out every particle of air, and brim the opening just to the needful point.

Sometimes every care is in vain. An ominous report is heard, and the living metal spurts from the mould in jets, crackling, burning, blinding the anxious men on watch. Work is stopped, an ambulance summoned, the wounded removed to the hospital, and the whole task begun again from the start. After a time the ruins are hoisted out of the pit, broken with sledge-hammer and saw, and the metal thrown aside for later use.

These are the moments dreaded by the bronze-founder. Such a catastrophe is not only dangerous to life and limb; it means a loss of money that is sometimes crippling. Wages of bronze-workers are very high, because none but skilled workmen who earn large wages can be employed. The time spent in perfecting the moulds is alone a large factor in the cost. To this one must add the profits to offset such disasters as mentioned. Our founders should devise methods to minimize these costs and make bronzes less in price, so that men of moderate fortunes can purchase them. At present almost all the workmen in bronze foundries here are French or Belgians or Germans, who have learned their trade in Europe. Only gradually are Americans pushing into the ranks of this highly paid industry.

The oldest foundry is that at Chicopee, established in 1820. There the late H. K. Brown had his equestrian Washington cast which stands on Union Square, New York. John Q. A. Ward was his assistant, and Brown placed his name along with his own on the base of the casting. When the work was half done the French moulders struck for higher wages, thinking it impossible that the work could be carried through without their aid. Incensed at their sudden defection without warning, young Ward resolved to carry out the task alone, and by extraordinary exertions succeeded. The episode, as it is told by Mr. Ward, recalls Benvenuto Cellini's struggle during the casting of his Perseus whilst he lay ill of a fever, when the workmen, through stupidity, came near destroying the results of weeks of labor. Brown made two equestrian monuments for the city of Washington after that, but neither is to be compared to its advantage with the equestrian figure in New York.

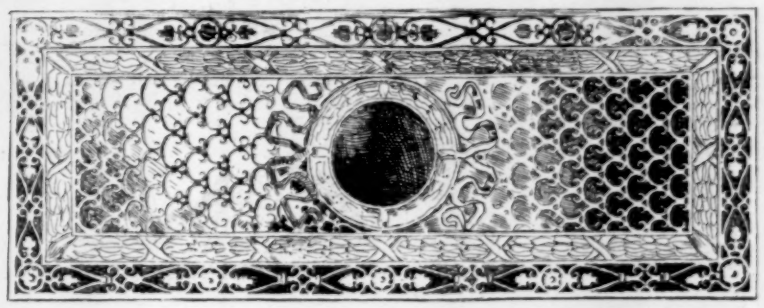
The second foundry to be established was the Henri-Bonnard Company's in New York, unless the former Wood's foundry of Philadelphia antedates it. MM. Henri and Bonnard were makers of industrial bronze in New York who were called on for larger work by the architects of the Vanderbilt residences; the latter helped them to a foundry of some size. Their business was bought by Messrs. Merritt and Aucaigne, who formed a stock company and have managed the foundry since. If a difficult bit of work is to be done, sculptors turn to this foundry with confidence; though the cost is often greater than elsewhere, the company's reputation for good metal and fine casting is very high. Their first large work was the colossal Washington in Wall Street. Two foremen of this foundry, MM. Aubry and Lorme, have established themselves in New York. Mr. Maurice J. Power manages a third foundry; a fourth in New York is carried on by Mr. John Williams in connection with his iron-foundry, but so far the bronze section of his establishment has not undertaken large statues. In Philadelphia two energetic young foundrymen, the Bureau brothers, have a place capable of turning out large works. They have various orders for Washington and for the military monument at Indianapolis. The Gorham Company casts bronze statues of life size at its Elmwood works near Providence. In Chicago the bronze foundries do not undertake important artistic work, but supply commercial articles to the trade. Recently a foundry for bronzes of a large size has sprung up in San Francisco to do work for the great Lick Monument, but the Cincinnati works, which existed a decade ago, have been closed for several years.

EX-GOVERNOR FLOWER, ALBANY CAPITOL.
By Olin L. Warner.

Bronze is apt to be associated too closely with monuments that stand in public places, because the enjoyment of small bronze-work is not general. The lover of bronzes, however, regards size no more than does the lover of paintings. He finds a zest in figurines or medallions or small objects, in whose making the Japanese surpass all people of modern times. Quaint in shape and lovely in patina, many such objects are truly works of art, and of grand art, not merely by reason of form, but of color too. These the amateur loves to hold in his hand and fondle while the light plays on them. Favorite pieces often show the love of their owner by the rubbed surfaces that

BRONZE DOORS AND STONE TYMPANUM FOR TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.—Designed by Carl Bitter.

NIRVANA—TOMB OF MRS. HENRY ADAMS, WASHINGTON, D. C.
By Augustus St. Gaudens.



GRILLE.—Designed by Peabody & Stearns. Made by John Williams.

JOHN HARVARD.—By Daniel C. French.
[Plaster Cast.]

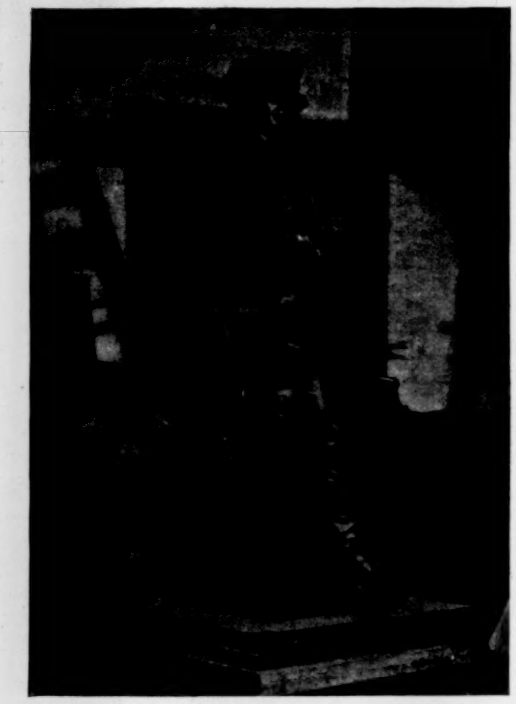
shine in contrast with the green or brown of the hollows. Their surfaces form beautiful combinations, recalling without direct imitation the lichen-spotted boles of trees, weathered and moss-grown rocks, the plumage of birds, or the spangled skins of reptiles or beasts.

With a wider and deeper feeling for the arts, the world of amateurs will take more interest in bronzes for the decoration of houses within and without, either as part of the structure or independent of it. To aid the spread of this taste is one of the objects of the National Sculpture Society, which seeks to encourage the making of figurines and small groups that come within the means of people of moderate fortune. Owners of bronzes are led to examine monuments with experienced eyes, to study sculpture more in museums and in photographs, to make themselves familiar with the best sculpture of the past and present, and gradually to avoid that style of public monument which is now only too common — fit at the best for a small table group; at the worst, for the slag-heap of a foundry. Men and women of this sort will gravitate naturally into the ranks of committees on monuments, and perhaps be the means of saving future generations from many a hideous bit of sculpture.

As a metal for the fine arts, bronze has a great future in the United States. Our Indians had already discovered our wealth in copper before we arrived. Bronze is not so costly that it tempts the pilferer and vandal to use the melting-pot; works of art in it are therefore reasonably safe. It is really far more attractive as a material for larger and smaller objects than gold or silver. It enters the intricacies of a mould almost as completely as molten iron, and it takes on the most charming colors under expert treatment, whilst the untreated bronze surface, rather gaudy and raw at first in the open light of day, soon undergoes atmospheric changes which make it beautiful indeed. People who have been passing through Wall Street from time to time of recent years must have noticed the gradual improvement of Ward's Washington on the Sub-Treasury steps, as it lost its shiny newness and took on the colors of age.

The cleanser of bronzes is one of the nuisances against which Park Commissioners and municipal art societies have to be ever on their guard. But the fact that sand-paper has often destroyed the finer lines of bronzes and ruined their color for many years does not argue against all caring for objects cast in that material, especially such as are exposed to the vitiated air of cities and the accumulations of rubbish brought by birds and the winds. Melting snow, holding in solution various acids from the gas-laden air of cities, may eat away bronze in the folds of drapery, laps of seated figures, or other places where water will lie. Our sculptors of to-day rarely go so far as to consider practical points like this, and model figures so as to avoid them. Intelligent care is needed for bronzes as well as for marbles; but the tools for cleansing should be confined to soft brushes and soft rags, in order that the fine natural patina, which, try as they may, bronzists can never imitate, be not removed by too vigorous polishing and rubbing. As for acids and scrapers, it must only be when a long-neglected monument is first attacked that such violent measures should be allowed. A general rule to follow: No labor should be allowed on a bronze unless an intelligent expert, an expert in fact, stand by to direct the work. This is true of coins as well as colossal statues. The bronzes in Central Park, and especially the big Liberty in New York Harbor, built of riveted bronze plates, require the watchful care of such a person, in order that repairs and cleansing can be done before the damage goes far.

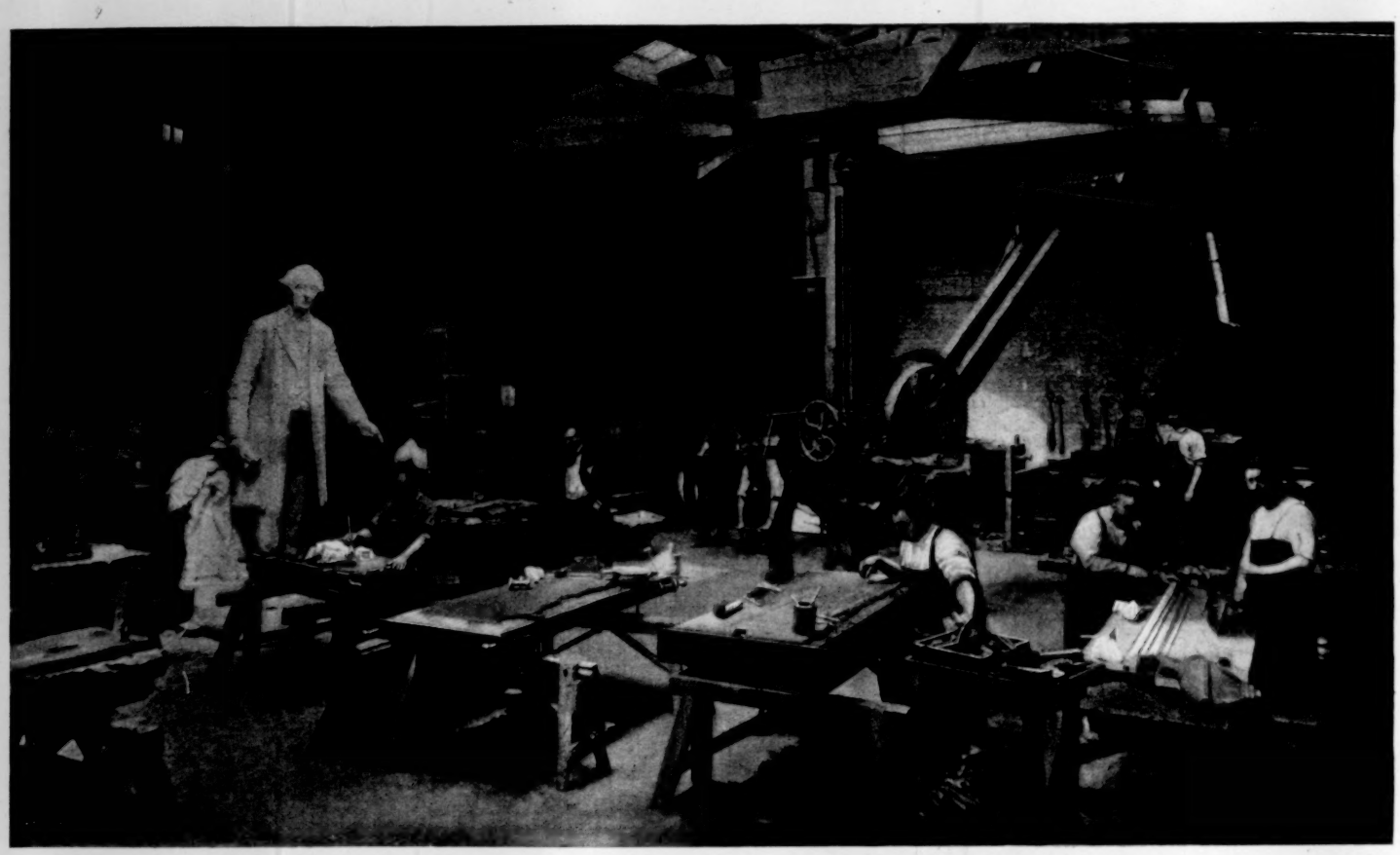
BOY AND RABBIT.—By J. S. Hartley.
[Plaster Cast.]



GENERAL GATES—SARATOGA MONUMENT.
By George E. Bissell.

A collection of bronzes satisfies the love inherent in mankind for form, and pleases not a little his love for color. From bright green to bright yellow, from brown-black to invisible green or blue, there is a great range of colors for the skilled collector. Velvety and satiny patinas are produced by modern Japanese; the old bronzists of Japan and Europe knew many secrets of color as well as many bold and charming forms. Renaissance bronzes are a study in themselves, so that in Demidoff or Spitzer sales noted pieces are eagerly contended for by museums and amateurs. In bird and beast figures the lay of feather and hair is reproduced by the Japanese artist-artisan, while the modern French workman sometimes hits on combinations of bronze, steel, silver, and gold, of ivory and mother-of-pearl, not fused, but contributing each its own value of color and quality to the whole, which satisfy buyers for whom nothing is too magnificent. In India and Siam a peculiar black bronze is obtained by the liberal admixture of lead to the alloy.

Yet it may be fairly said that neither China of old, nor Japan during the five or six centuries past, nor Italy during the Renaissance, produced finer work than prehistoric man. It is as if the genius scattered nowadays in a hundred directions was then confined to a few, and bronzes have survived to tell the story. Modern and mediæval work is more complicated, yes; more consciously aiming to be artistic, yes; but not of better quality as material, nor better in design for the purpose of the object; nor better cast as to workmanlike craft; nor better in taste as to design. The bronze brooches, spear-heads, swords, toilet-boxes, hunting and war horns, and idol-chariots found in



MOULD-ROOM OF THE HENRI-BONNARD BRONZE COMPANY.

THE BIER OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Ireland and Denmark testify to the high level of skill among the ancient bronzists of Europe.

In fact, we have much to learn, much to study, much to invent, in the employment of bronze for the fine arts. Collections like that of Mr. H. R. Bishop, of New York, are full of suggestions to the artist-artisan, who shall see his way hereafter to produce works of pure or industrial art that, like the bronzes Barye made, will take their place beside fine paintings among household treasures and the most admired objects in museums.

The bronze-founders of America are ready to do their part; so are the sculptors. It is for our connoisseurs to ask of the latter original designs, and charge the former with the casting of their work in American foundries.

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S DEATH.

THE following are extracts from a private letter touching Robert Louis Stevenson's death. The letter is from Apia, Samoa:

"Although the public were aware from the frequent newspaper publications that the late Robert Louis Stevenson was in frail health, yet so frequent were the publications and the denials that the intelligence of his death came as a surprise.

"Mr. Stevenson for many years was regarded as a certain victim of consumption. Dwelling much on this—the horror of a lingering death—had brought him often to express the wish that death would come suddenly and without warning.

"In Samoa he was perhaps better known through his connection with its anomalous politics than for his great place in letters. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the amiable race which populate these islands. He became their leader and advocate. His voice was often heard in their behalf through the columns of the London *Times*. His *Footnote to History* and his advocacy of the rights and independence of Samoa brought him the bitter hostility of the Germans. He regarded Germany as the oppressor of Samoa, and he hoped that his hand might prove equal to the task of saving his chosen people from the tyranny of and dispersion by Germany that he so much dreaded.

"The Samoans are a people wedded to precedent and ceremonial. The authority of a chief is very great. These people appreciated the earnestness of Mr. Stevenson, and manifested their esteem on every occasion. He was created and accorded all the rights of a chieftain, being given a Samoan name, 'Tusitala'—the Writer of Stories.

"Mr. Stevenson on the day of his death worked faithfully on the book he had in hand, *Hermiston*, working on until four o'clock, much beyond his usual hour. He was in unusually good humor, and on coming down from his library expressed the opinion that he had never accomplished as good work as he had on that day. He mentioned a wish for a salad at dinner, which Mrs. Stevenson hastened to prepare, with his assistance. While so busied, he suddenly put his hands to his head and asked, 'What's that?' and then added immediately, 'Do I look strange?' This was about six and a half o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, December 3d. He was helped to a couch in the great hall, of which he was so proud, and expired at a little past eight o'clock, not having uttered another word.

"In accordance with his wish, often expressed, he was buried on the loftiest peak of Mount Vaea, almost immediately overhanging his late home. The serious task of carrying the coffin to such a height required a roadway to be cut through the tropic growth of the mountain-side. All this was done by mourning Samoans in three or four hours. At one o'clock the day following his death the coffin was carried and lifted to its lofty resting-place on the mountain-top. It required the efforts, sorrowingly given, of sixty stalwart Samoans to accomplish the task. No white men were present save a few intimate friends.

"But one woman saw him laid away, his step-daughter, Mrs. Isabella Strong.

"The grave into which he sank, his coffin draped in the union-jack, had perhaps once before held an occupant. Two hundred years ago Soalu, a famous warrior, was buried on that self-same spot."

"Our illustration represents the body lying in state in the apartment known as the great hall, reposing on a mass of fine mats, articles of priceless value in native estimation. Others are draped about, all brought by chiefs as funeral offerings. A Samoan holds his solitary vigil by the dead.

SCENE OF THE EXPLOSIONS AT BUTTE CITY, MONTANA,
Where Sixty Persons were Killed, and Forty or more Wounded.—[See Page 115.]

## THE MORAL OF REPUBLICANISM IN FRANCE.

TWICE within a twelvemonth the French Republic has been deprived of its Chief Magistrate—the first by the knife of an assassin, and the second by his voluntary abdication. Each was replaced by constitutional methods within a few hours. Both these changes, reaching down as they did to the very centres of the nation's life, were accomplished as quietly and orderly as a change of guard. The currents of our great rivers under a bridge of ice could not pursue their course with a more unrippled surface. In each case men of character and responsibility were chosen to replace men of character and responsibility. The *rentes* fell off only a quarter per cent.—less than would probably have followed the news that Germany had laid the keel of a new ironclad, or that England had increased by a few guns her naval force for the Mediterranean.

The fear of change perplexing monarchs seems to have had no terrors for the sovereign people of France. Had two such vital changes, or either one of them, occurred under any of her dynastic governments, would any part of the civilized world, to say nothing of the French nation, have been so little disturbed?

This is a fair question, and this is a time when it may be profitably considered. Let us glance at the history of France during the last two or three centuries of its dynastic governments, beginning with the consolidation of the French monarchy under Henry IV. He came to the throne through the assassination of his predecessor, and after a reign of uninterrupted foreign and civil wars to maintain his position, fell himself the victim of an assassin.

Louis XVI. was tried, condemned, and executed as a state criminal, and his country given over for some twenty years to the terrors of revolutionary governments. Louis XVII. never ascended the throne, and died in exile. Napoleon I. came to the throne as the fruit of revolution, and died a prisoner of war in exile. Louis XVIII. was seated on the French throne and maintained there by foreign bayonets. His successor, Charles X., after a brief reign of six years, was obliged to flee his country, and died in exile. His successor, Louis Philippe, was raised to the throne by a revolution, and by a revolution was cast down from it. He also died a refugee and exile. Napoleon III. was dethroned by a revolutionary government, after having been taken prisoner by the Germans. He also died in exile. From but one of the three remaining of the ten dynastic sovereigns of France for the last three centuries—Louis XIII.—did the crown pass to the head lawfully entitled to wear it. He was the only one about whose successor there was no dispute.

If history has any lesson for posterity, that of monarchical France for the last three centuries can scarcely be deemed to commend the hereditary principle for the selection of a nation's rulers.

But the experience of France has some other lessons for us. Of these ten hereditary sovereigns, Louis XIII. fell heir to the crown in his tenth year; Louis XIV. in his fifth year; his great-grandson, who succeeded him, came also to the throne in his fifth year; and his successor in his twentieth year—while the public policies of all four of them were shaped mainly by a "combine" of priests and prostitutes. From 1600 until the accession of Bonaparte, about two hundred years, the crown passed by inheritance to infant children, and during that entire period the nation was a prey to foreign or intestine wars.

Again, from the days of Henry of Navarre's short-sighted apostasy to the deposition of Louis Napoleon, France was subjected to twenty-seven different governments, an average new government every ten years, and to as many different constitutions, for with every change of sovereign, whether by death or otherwise, the government always underwent fundamental change, only not to be characterized as revolutionary in every case, because accomplished in a few instances by intrigue rather than by violence.

Now let us turn the leaf and see what popular sovereignty has done for France. The republic was proclaimed in 1871. It has flourished under the same constitution for twenty-four years, or more than twice as long as the average governments of France for the preceding three centuries. During that period it has chosen six Chief Magistrates—Thiers, McMahon, Grévy, Carnot, Casimir-Perier, and the new incumbent Faure, no one of them infants or the puppets of weak women nor of ambitious or lascivious priests, but all men of mature years, of large experience, and amply equipped for the ordinary duties of a constitutional President. During all that period she has successfully cultivated peaceful relations with her neighbors, and by the force of her example has constrained the papal government, for the first time in its history, to recognize the doctrine of popular sovereignty in a country professing fealty to the See of Rome. Can the other European states long resist the moral effect of such an example?

In forecasting the future of France it is worthy of note that at every successive general election that has been held since the republic was established the republican party has developed increasing strength, and dynasticism a corresponding weakness. There has been no formidable reactionary tendency exhibited at the polls, and the only serious opposition any administration has had to encounter has come from the class most hostile to dynasticism.

M. Faure, who has just been chosen to replace M. Perier, though a man of not a little political experience, has never been known as an aspirant to the leadership of a party. His election in the recent crisis is another confirmation of the central truth of republican politics, that everybody is wiser than anybody. He is the first President France has had who seemed to be in touch with the masses of the French people, and who believed that government has something to do of even greater importance than making war and Academicians. In a country where universal suffrage prevails, as in France, the government must inevitably sooner or later come to represent the average intellectual and moral forces of the people who make it. The more uniform their moral and intellectual standards, the more harmoniously will they dwell together, and the less acrimonious their political differences, while the reverse will be the case the more their standards differ. Of the thirty-seven millions of people in France when the republic was proclaimed in 1871, less than half could read and write, and of these less than half could read well enough to make the accomplishment of much use to them. Three-quarters at least of the population knew little or nothing of politics, save what they picked up at cabarets or was communicated to them by the clergy. The other quarter embraced the court, the professionals, and what are known as the middle class. When these classes from the opposite poles of the political magnet came to share the franchise, and on equal terms, of course there was the widest possible diversity of views in regard to the functions and duties of government; and so little experience in self-government had the French enjoyed that very sensible men might divide upon the question whether the three-quarters or the one-quarter were the safest trustees of political power. No one of the previous Presidents of France has been in cordial sympathy with the illiterate class, nor would either, probably, have extended to it the franchise had it been in his power to prevent it. It is these antagonizing interests, which the late President had no faculty, if any disposition, to reconcile, that subjected him to what, from this distance and with our present lights, looks like a rather ignominious abdication.

It is a conspicuous evidence of the spread of political intelligence among the people of France, and the development of practical statesmanship among their representatives, that in looking for a successor to Perier they chose a man of the people as well as a man of affairs; a man who believes that the true way and the only way to administer a popular government is by inclining before the people's mandate, and not by trying to impose an individual's or a faction's ideal against the will of a manifest majority. In inviting M. Bourgeois to form a ministry, M. Faure showed that he did not propose to govern the republic by the votes of an Academic minority. This policy ought to conciliate support to his administration, especially if the Chambers support him. Whatever may be the fate of M. Bourgeois, and even should the Chambers falter in their support, their successors are likely to be reenforced from the popular constituencies, who are every year acquiring a juster comprehension of their rights as well as of their true interests. As a necessary consequence, every year the political thought and aspirations of the nation are becoming more homogeneous, while extremists of every class are finding it more and more difficult to get the ear or sympathies of the nation. Of this the election of M. Faure furnishes important and gratifying evidence.

EX-MINISTER TO FRANCE.

## BOSTON FROM THE AMES BUILDING.

STRANGERS who desire to obtain a bird's-eye view of Boston nowadays seldom take the trouble to climb the long stairs to the State House cupola or Bunker Hill Monument, but save their wind and their legs and take an elevator to the top of some great office building, obtaining if possible admission to the roof. The great tower-like Ames building at the corner of Washington and State streets is the tallest of these, and the prospects which it affords are nearly as extensive as those from the State House. In this issue two of these views are given, looking eastward and westward. Towards the east we overlook the harbor and Boston Bay, with its islands. Of the latter, most conspicuous is Governors Island, with Fort Winthrop, and on the extreme right is Castle Island, with Fort Independence, now granted by the national government for use as a feature of the Park Department. Beyond the narrow part of the harbor on the left that marks the confluence of the Charles and Mystic rivers—in the old times the entrance to Boston Bay at the Brewsters was regarded as the mouth of the Charles—is East Boston, with its deep-water docks and railway terminals, and the great Grand Junction Grain-Elevator of the Boston and Albany Railroad, beyond the Cunard Wharves, at the point of that section of the city, just in the centre of the picture.

The great modern "sky-scrapers" have played havoc with Boston's sky-line, as they have in other large American cities. The poor little "Old State House," at the head of State Street, now occupied by the Bostonian Society as a museum of local history, crouches between its domineering big neighbors, but, in spite of all, is still remarkably picturesque in its quaintness. It is directly at the foot of the Ames building, and hardly to be seen without peering down from the parapet, consequently it is not visible in the picture. But the deep cañon made by State Street with its bordering cliffs of masonry is a feature of the scene; it runs past the huge bulk of the Exchange building on the right in the foreground — the largest office building in the country at the time of its erection a few years ago, and the home of the Stock-Exchange; between the almost equally high Fiske building and the opposite Farlow building at the corner of Merchants Row; past the Custom-House, with its once imposing stone dome, but half seen here, and now but timidly asserting itself; to the large State Street block, with its substantial walls of dark Quincy granite—of the same stately, impressive type as the warehouses on Commercial Street that show in a long line running off to the left, representing a style of mercantile architecture which, though dating back forty years, has hardly been equalled ever since in its quiet and dignified expression of intended purpose.

In the foreground on the left is seen the upper part of historic Faneuil Hall, facing the long edifice of Faneuil Hall Market, erected by the city under the great Mayor Quincy, and always a most profitable municipal investment. Beyond on the left are the tortuous and narrow thoroughfares of the old North End. The cone-shaped roof that shows above the Exchange building belongs to the Chamber of Commerce building.

The westward view is equally characteristic. In the foreground on the extreme left is the rear of the City Hall, and to its right shows the roof of the popular old play-house the Boston Museum. Between them, at the corner of School and Tremont streets, is seen the historic little King's Chapel, with its square stone tower, and over it rises the Parker House, with the famous old hostelry the Tremont House—now doomed to immediate demolition—standing in the gap between it and the tall Albion building, occupied by a great department store, at the corner of Tremont and Beacon streets.

Above the Parker House shows the handsome old steeple of the Park Street Church, with the open space of the Common and the Public Garden beyond, and prominent among the towers and spires of the Back Bay quarter are those of the Arlington Street, Trinity, and the New Old South churches.

The rolling hills of the metropolitan suburbs show vaguely in the distance, from West Roxbury and Brookline on the left, through Newton, Watertown, and Belmont, to Arlington on the right. The Charles River, crossed by Harvard Bridge on a line just below the State House dome, courses irregularly down through the picture to the right, and separates Boston from Cambridge.

This view does not give good architectural effect to Bulfinch's noble design of the famous State House, for it exposes the "ungrammatical" basing of the dome on the pediment with a makeshift drum—a blemish that should be remedied in the reconstruction necessary to bring the old building into agreement, so far as practicable, with the ugly and malproportioned extension just finished and not yet joined to it.

Another architectural failure is the new Court-House on Pemberton Square, whose clumsy mass of white granite is fortunately not so conspicuous from most points of view as it is from this. On the right is the Criminal Courts wing, and above, in the distance, shows the Suffolk County Jail. The steep, many-dormered roof to the right of the Court-House belongs to the Howard Athenæum, originally a church, and then a celebrated play-house, which experienced many transitions between high and low estate before descending to its present variety-show level.

The long line of buildings in the foreground on the right will to many justify the remark of a Bostonian that London struck him as "one vast accumulation of Tremont Rows."

## THIS BUSY WORLD

THE Chicago *Tribune* puts its tongue in its cheek and affects to believe that England, jealous of American progress, and hopeless of doing us any harm in an open fight, seeks to cripple us by a literary invasion aimed at "the Gibraltar of our greatness—our morality." Evidence of this sinister purpose seems to the *Tribune* to appear in the success of *Trilby*, of which, it says, 100,000 copies have been sold in the United States while 3000 were being sold in Great Britain. It fears that the influence of *Trilby* is favorable to the practice of a radical Christianity, "which is to be distinguished from a conservative Christianity, the religion of all successful individuals and nations." It also holds that the picture drawn by Mr. Du Maurier of the life of bohemian artists in Paris, though delightful to read about, may prove demoralizing to practical Americans, and may work injury by tempting "our artisans, our Board of Trade men, our aristocratic plumbers, and rising politicians" to become artists, to the neglect of "the respectable pursuits in which they have thus far helped to upbuild our national greatness."

One may sympathize with the worthy *Tribune's* fears without admitting the validity of its forebodings. The mere fact that our British cousins do not reach out after *Trilby* with the same eagerness that we do does not prove that they choose a safer intellectual diet for their own consumption. As long as they feed so hungrily on such books as *The Yellow Aster*, *Dodo*, and *A Superfluous Woman* we surely need not feel that they are taking a sly advantage of us in throwing *Trilby* in our way to make wholesale havoc with our morals.

The *Tribune* may find further comfort from a better knowledge of the class of readers whom *Trilby* seems to interest. The Literary Club of New York has tried to find out from the librarians of the village libraries in this State what were the twenty-five books published last year which their readers preferred. A majority of those who responded ignored *Trilby* altogether, but all reported that *Marcella*, *The Manxman*, *Perlycross*, and *Ships that Pass in the Night* were general favorites. It would seem from this as if *Trilby* recommended itself more to the effete inhabitants of cities than to the simpler tastes of villagers, but it was issued late in the year, and it may be that it has not got around to the village libraries yet. It certainly seems a book that would appeal more to lovers of Thackeray than to the greater multitude of the readers of Dickens; but its remarkable popularity has distanced expectations and upset all prophecies, and the limits of its circulation are not yet to be prescribed.

Of course no one needs to be told what a *Trilby* night is. Visions of the three guardians rise up to the composite tune of "Ben Bolt," "Au Clair de la Lune," and "Malbrouck." No person who hopes to keep abreast of the times will miss the experience of a *Trilby* night if he can help it, and it is a privilege to apprise the readers of the WEEKLY that two chances to assimilate this experience will be offered them at Sherry's in this town on February 9th. The formal title of the entertainment to be given is "Scenes and Songs from *Trilby*, for the Benefit of the New York Kindergarten Association." The demonstration is in the hands of clever people, who know their *Trilbys* from cover to cover, and are thoroughly capable of bringing out its most bewitching features. Their *Trilby* tableaux will be beautiful and highly interesting, and the sweetest and most effectual singers will discourse for them the *Trilby* songs. They will give two performances, one in the afternoon at three (for people who like their *Trilby* nights to begin early), and one in the evening at nine.

Mr. Smalley, of the *Tribune*, who is sojourning for a time in New York, explains that the recent damning of Mr. Henry James's new play on its first night in London was not a legitimate verdict, but the result of a conspiracy. According to the detailed account of the reception which Mr. James and his play encountered, the uproar which the cabled despatches told of came from a small but energetic mob, which gave every evidence of having been planted in the gallery and upper boxes of the St. James Theatre expressly to make a hideous row. What confirms Mr. Smalley's contention is that the play was enthusiastically received on its second night, and is still running. The London newspaper verdict on it seems to be that the first act is admirable, but that in the rest the novelist shows stronger than the playwright. Whether the play will be successful on the stage is still a question, but it is clear

enough that it is no such failure as the cabled story of its first night implied.

It must be confessed, though, that the final development of the plot of *Guy Domville* is a pretty severe trial to the average play-goer. When the time comes that Domville is free to marry the woman he loves, and who loves him, he finds that his dear friend Frank Humber has developed a warm regard for her, and thinks she might marry him if there was no Domville to hinder. So Domville reverts to a design he had previously formed of becoming a priest, and leaves the field. That sort of thing is not satisfactory even in real life. When it transpires that the lady has come to prefer the other gentleman, there is nothing for a sensible lover to do but to retire as gracefully as he may. But for the lover to give up a woman who still loves him is an incurably awkward performance, and even when it obliges ever so good a friend ever so much, it is a prodigious task to make the beauty of it apparent.

E. S. MARTIN.

## THE DISASTROUS EXPLOSION AT BUTTE, MONTANA.

On the night of January 15th, in Butte City, Montana, a terrible explosion occurred, causing the death of over sixty persons and the wounding of thirty or forty more.

Giant-powder is used in vast quantities in the big mines underlying and surrounding Butte City, and the city is a general supply point for this article for the mining districts of the State.

Large dealers, like the Kenyon-Connell Company, on whose premises the explosion occurred, receive their powder in car-load lots, and store it in magazines at a safe distance outside the city limits; but to meet the demands of trade they are in the habit of bringing a wagon-load at a time in to their city warehouses, whence prompt shipments may be made. The exact amount of explosives in the Kenyon-Connell Company's warehouse at the time of the fire is not known, but the havoc wrought indicates that many hundred pounds of the powder were exploded.

It was five minutes before nine o'clock on Tuesday night, January 15th, when a small fire broke out near the group of warehouses around the Montana Central Railway station, about one and a half miles from the centre of the city. The firemen responded promptly to the call, and found flames coming through the side of the Kenyon-Connell warehouse, a large corrugated-iron building, about eighty feet by ninety. In the northwest corner of this building was a small room partitioned off, about nine by fourteen feet. In this room was stored whatever powder was kept in the warehouse. Around the north and west sides of this little room were stacked several thousand wrought-iron "rabble-heads"—pieces of iron one-half inch by four by six inches, used for heads of skimming-tools in smelteries. They were of a size which was once used, but which had become unmarketable, as they were smaller than those now in use. They had been piled around the powder to protect it from a bullet, should any be fired against the building, and were considered to afford full protection. It was these very bits of iron that proved to be such death-dealing missiles when driven with the velocity of musket-balls by the explosive force of the giant-powder.

The firemen apparently had the flames under control in a short time, and, under direction of Fire-Chief Cameron, had torn off a portion of the iron covering of the building and effected an entrance, when the first explosion came. The great iron roof of the building was forced from its fastenings a hundred feet in air, followed by a great tongue of flame. The brave firemen, and their chief, met instant death.

But the worst was yet to come. The first explosion was followed by a fatal lull of a few seconds. The hundred or two spectators, some of whom had been prostrated by the concussion, re-enforced by others who had run to the spot, quickly rushed to the relief of any survivors who might be found among the firemen.

Then came the second and most awful explosion, one great deafening roar, carrying death in its most horrible form to those nearest to the building. The air was literally filled with mangled and dismembered human bodies, many of which were actually torn to shreds. For a space of several hundred feet the ground was torn and furrowed, and covered with splintered timbers, bent and twisted sheets and bars of iron, fragments of fire-engines and railroad cars, dead horses, and other wreckage. No battle-field ever witnessed a more ghastly scene of carnage; no cyclone ever left greater ruin in its wake.

In the business portion of Butte City, a mile and a half distant, plate-glass windows were shattered in hotels and business blocks, and solid buildings rocked as though in an earthquake. In private houses further away pictures fell from walls, and china and vases were shattered. Window-panes were broken in houses three miles away, and the roar of the explosion was heard forty miles distant.

Among the sixty dead were every member but two of Butte's paid fire department, several volunteer firemen, and many well-known citizens.

LETTER FROM BERNHARD STAVENHAGEN TO WM. KNABE & CO.

[*Translated from the German.*]

NEW YORK, JAN. 5, 1895.

DEAR SIRS:—It affords me special pleasure to express to you my great satisfaction with your instruments. The same fully justify the distinguished renown which they enjoy, and I can only concur in the verdict of Messrs. von Bülow and D'Albert, in emphasizing that the Knabe Pianos, before all in regard to mellow and singing (gesangvollen) tone combined with power, respond to the highest demands. These qualities, united with a perfect mechanism, place "The Knabe Piano" at the head of the best American instruments, and I again beg to express my satisfaction that I have the use of the same for my entire American tour. With highest esteem,

Yours truly,
BERNHARD STAVENHAGEN.—[*Adv.*]

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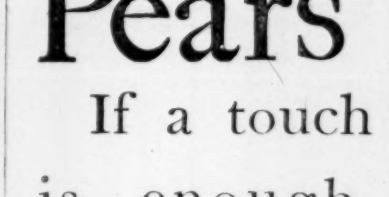

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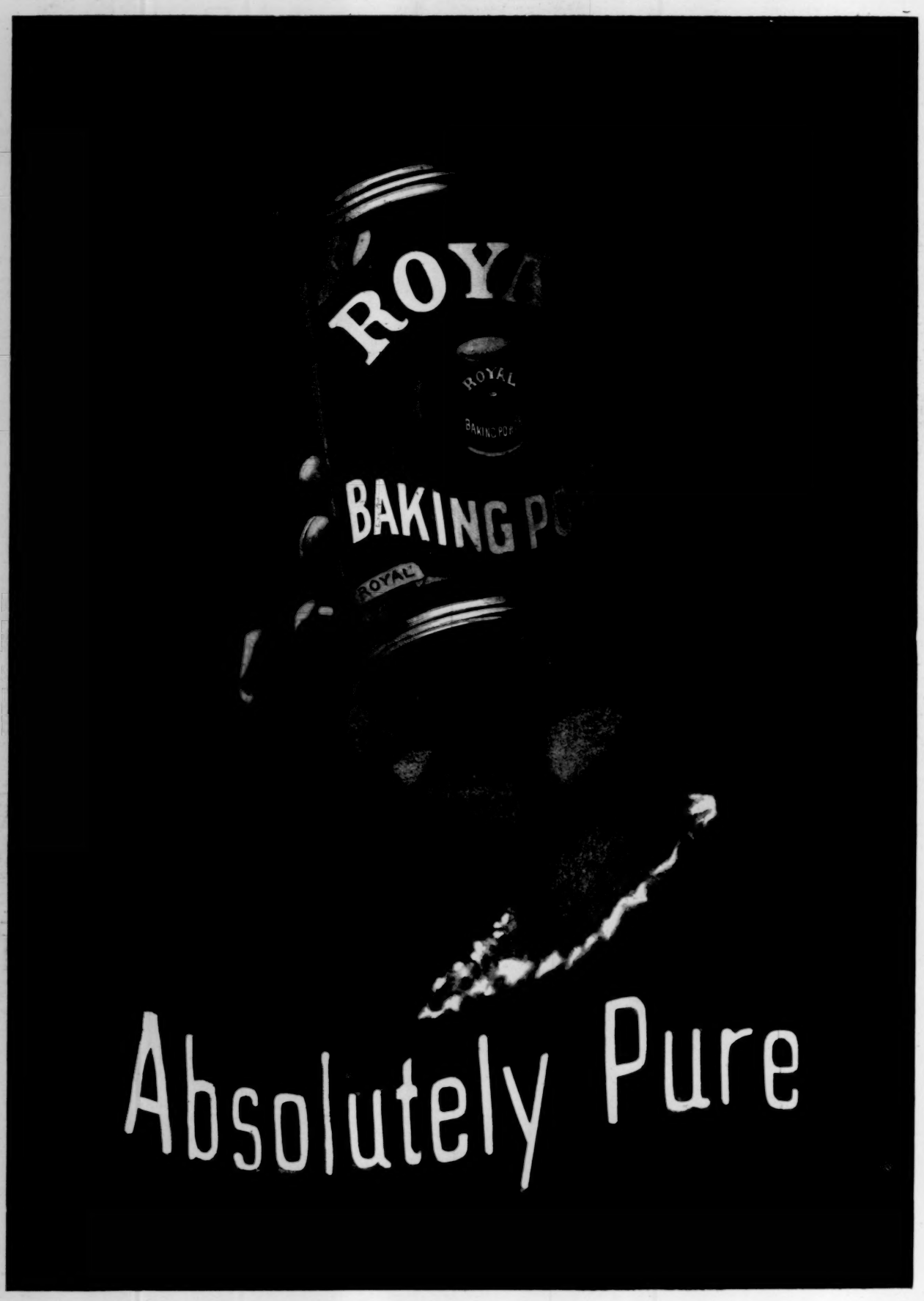
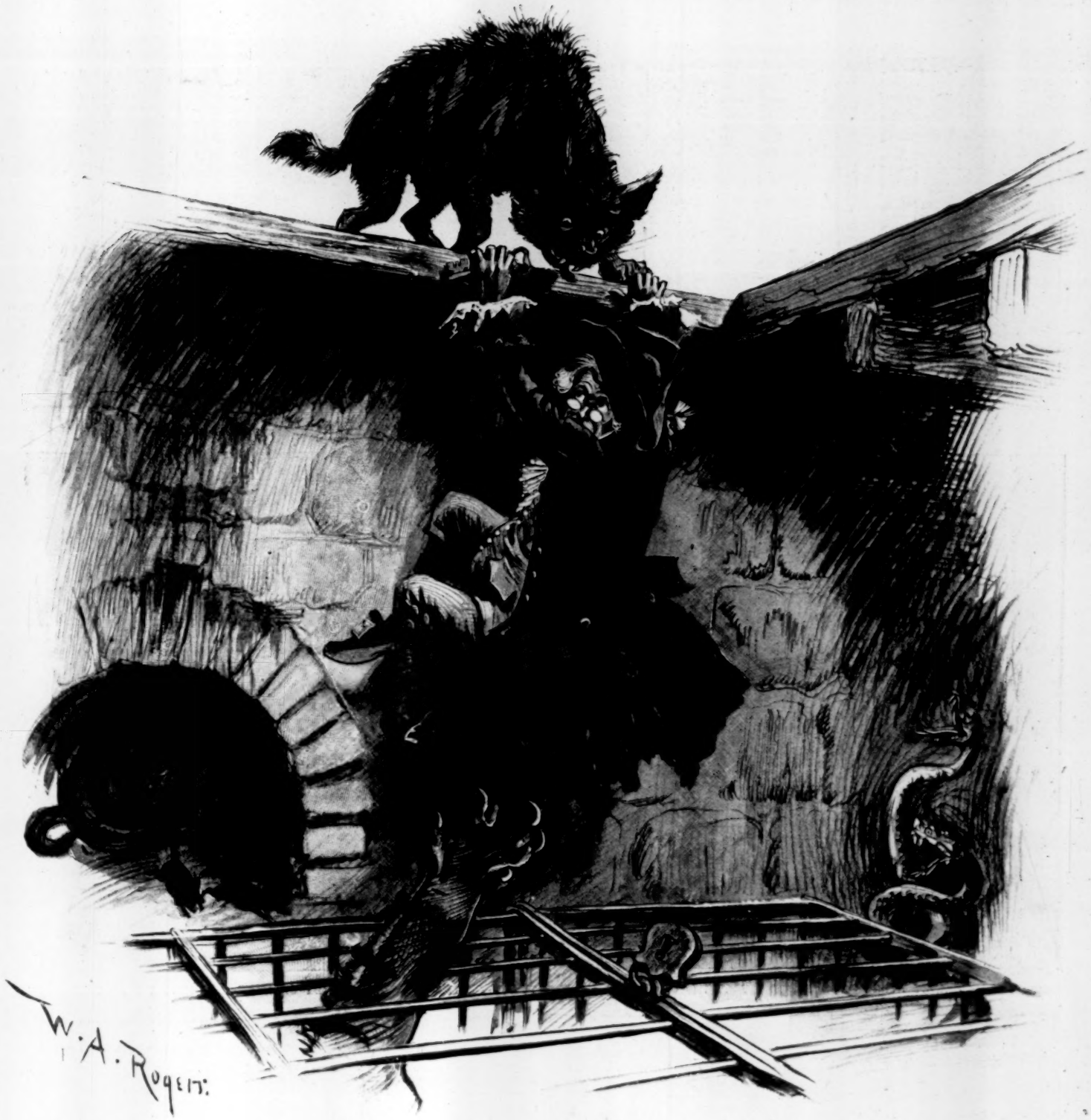



MUCH has been said and written on bread baking—how to make it good, sweet, wholesome, and delicious. The experience of all persons in following directions as to how to have the best success reveals the fact that it is the most difficult and uncertain thing in practice, but, whatever may have been the method employed, is it true that everybody knows just why he likes the taste of any particular kind of bread? Certain it is that breads vary in their flavor as much as in their lightness. A close observation, however, will show those who have had their palates tickled to satisfaction in the eating of this staple article of diet that there is some particular element or quality produced, so that that which they like the best possesses that indescribable, superlative quality of taste which may be termed its "flavor." And the question may therefore be asked, what is it that produces the best flavor in bread? Of course no one puts into dough any specific essence which gives the desired taste. The flour itself cannot be said to give the taste to the bread, provided it is sound flour, and therefore we must look for it elsewhere. It is to be found in the leavening agent: be it yeast or baking powder, it is this that has most to do with the problem of how to make the sweetest and most toothsome bread, cake, muffins, etc.

When yeast is used the bread often has a sour taste, a flavor coming from decomposition, especially if the yeast be too rank or has been allowed to work too much in the dough, causing destruction of the gluten and nutritious qualities of the flour. Yeast is itself a ferment that transforms and rots the flour in order to produce the carbonic-acid gas which makes the dough porous, so that if the yeast has not been properly treated or the mass of dough has been too much transformed by the yeast it results in imperfect taste and quality in the bread.

In respect to baking powders, they are of many kinds and give various results according to the materials of which the baking powder is composed and according to the perfection of its manufacture. For instance, when a baking powder is used which contains alum, the bread or biscuit will frequently have a bitter taste. If a pure cream-of-tartar baking powder is used the result will be better; and if the elements of a cream-of-tartar powder are used so that each ingredient has its counterpart in exact equivalents, then we may expect not only the most wholesome but the sweetest and most delicious bread.

There is no baking powder which produces such sweet and tasteful food as the Royal Baking Powder. One of the greatest of the claims of the manufacturers of this powder is that it leavens without fermentation or decomposition, and that the exact equivalents of its constituents are used, whereby a perfectly neutral result is obtained, which invariably guarantees that particular and peculiar flavor in bread so much desired and appreciated by all. In fact, the oldest patrons of this powder declare that they get not only a superlative lightness of the bread, but that the biscuit, cakes, muffins, etc., never taste quite so sweet or so good as when they are raised by the Royal Baking Powder. This comes from its perfectly uniform combination of the best and purest materials, as has been shown by the examinations made by the United States government, which reveals the fact beyond a question that the Royal Baking Powder is the most scientifically compounded of any in the market. The Royal gives a delicious flavor to the bread.




A BIPARTISAN SITUATION.
Father Knickerbocker's Dilemma.

## THE BROOKLYN STREET-CAR STRIKE.

THE trolley strike in Brooklyn has run nearly the full length of all the recent great strikes in the United States. Begun with a swiftness that brought visions of triumph to the strikers and dismay to the companies they aimed to cripple, the struggle has passed through the stages of petty violence, serious violence, rioting, inability of the police to cope with the disorder, demand for military protection, anger at the presence of soldiers, frequent charges on mobs with fixed bayonets by the militia, shooting by the troops in the almost invariably successful effort to reopen the lines, the deplorable deaths of innocent spectators of the contest, a struggle in the courts for injunction proceedings, the gradual defeat of the strikers, preparations for the withdrawal of some of the soldiers, and the gloomy outlook for those who began the struggle confident of quick success.

Brooklyn has been the scene of the night camp-fire, of dashes through the streets by cavalry and mounted police, of the marching of infantry, of frequent barricades on the highways, of grave disorder, covert and open, of manifestations of fear by an anxious populace. At this writing two-thirds of the forty-eight street-car lines affected are in operation, most of the cars running empty because of the fear of further violence, while the two lines that acceded to the demands of the strikers and the two lines of elevated railroads are overwhelmed with prosperity.

The WEEKLY in its latest issue told of the causes and development of the strike up to Friday of the first week of the struggle. On that day the Mayor confessed his inability to check the violence and to give police protection to the companies, whose officers declared that they were ready to reopen their lines. Mayor Schieren called out the Second Brigade of militia, and the cars began to run on several of the lines. Saturday found the town garrisoned. There was danger of great violence in East New York and at the Halsey Street stables. Drawn perhaps by curiosity, perhaps by a desire to try conclusions with the troops, a mob of about 3000 gathered on Saturday night at the East New York stables. Soon there were signs of violence, and then the soldiers made five charges, and a dozen persons were wounded. The police drove their horses into saloons, and clubs and muskets were the weapons that brought groans from the mob and put it to flight.

This charge caused more public alarm. The Mayor made a final attempt to end the strike and failed, and then the First Brigade of militia from New York were sent hurrying through the streets of a Sunday night, and early on Monday morning the tramp of 4000 more soldiers, in addition to the 2500 that were already out, was heard in Brooklyn. Then came the first volleys by the soldiers. In a rain of missiles and some bullets, during which two policemen were shot, but not killed, the troops opened the Gates Avenue line. It was necessary to shoot to frighten the rioters. The first car started went through, and others followed quickly. At the Halsey Street stables that night two volleys were fired to intimidate the mob. They were successful.

Tuesday night brought the first death by shooting. Sentries of the Seventh Regiment at the Halsey Street stables ordered two men to halt as they were crossing the lines. One, Starter Mitchell, thought the men knew him, and he did not heed. Another, a resident of New York, Henry Ahrens, was too intoxicated to understand the order to halt. Both men were shot, and the next day Ahrens died. The situation became more serious, and the rest of the State troops were ordered under arms.

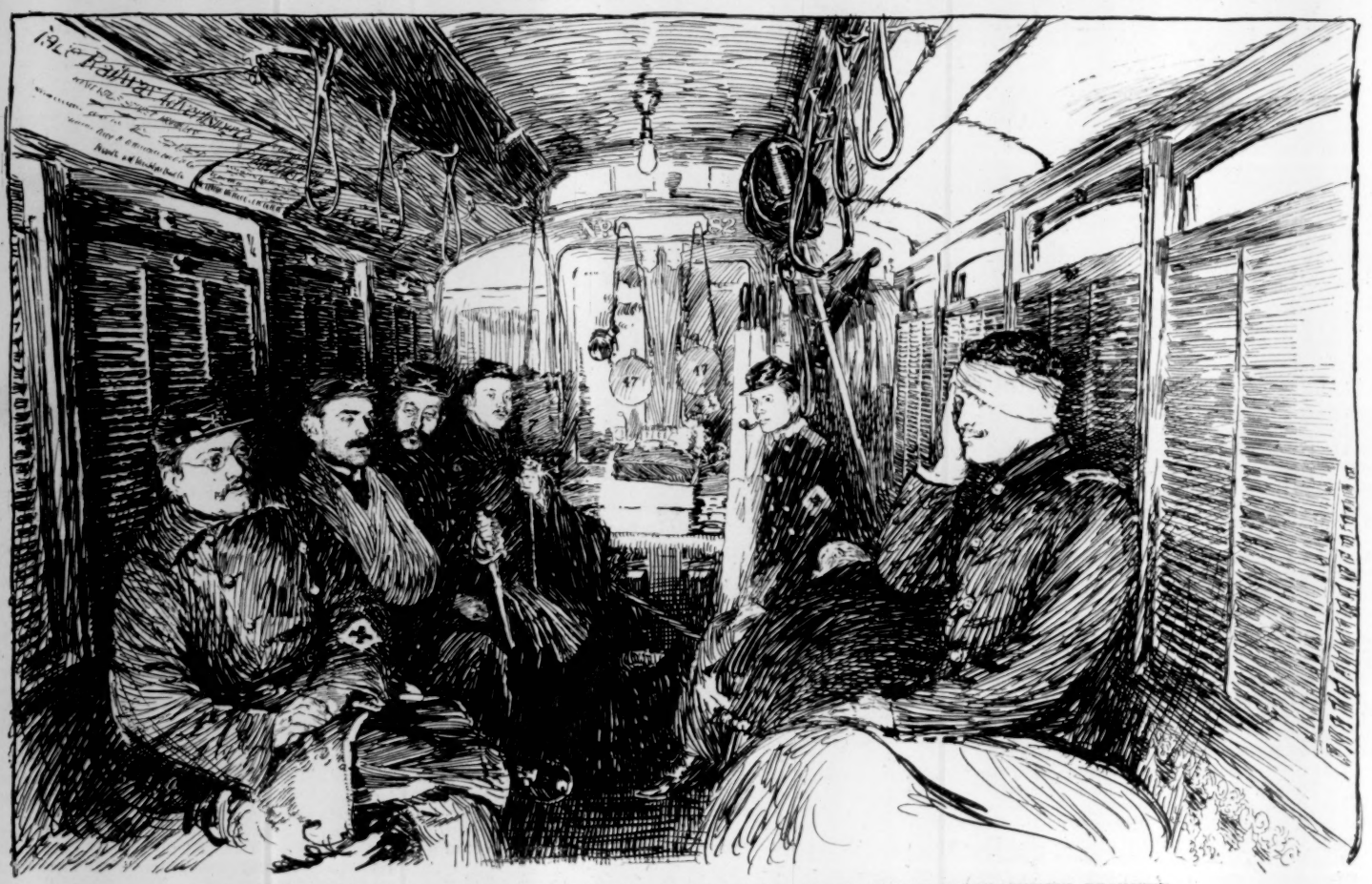
On Wednesday twenty-two of the lines were running cars, and it was resolved to open the Hicks Street line. So many assaults had been made on the soldiers through open windows that the soldiers ordered every window closed along the streets, and where refusals were made they shot into the casings by way of warning. Thomas Carney, a roofer, at work on Hicks Street, went down to the edge of a roof to see the street scene. He was warned away, but he did not think the soldiers would shoot bullets. He was shot, and soon after died from his wound. Some of the soldiers said he was in a threatening attitude. Many citizens said that this was not true, and denounced his death, as well as the death of Ahrens, as murder. The soldiers were said to be doing police duty, and had no right, these critics weakly said, to order a man to close his windows, or to shoot except to save their own lives. The line-men also began to go out on Wednesday, but the spirit of violence grew weaker, and the Third Brigade, up the State, was sent home from the armories. On Thursday the case got into the courts, on the ground that a dispute between the companies and their employés ought not to militate against the rights of the public, and that the companies ought to be made to run their cars. A shopkeeper made the petition, and Judge Gaynor, on Friday, indicating that he then favored the shopkeeper's case, withheld his decision until Saturday morning. Meanwhile violence started in Queens County, and wire-cutting at night continued. Mayor Schieren declared, however, that he thought the strike was ended.

Saturday morning Judge Gaynor decided, on hearing the companies' side of the question, to grant an alternative writ of mandamus, giving the presidents of the trolley roads twenty days in which to answer.

The counsel for the companies presented affidavits to show that violence alone on the part of riotous strikers prevented the resumption of traffic. It was also maintained that the original strike was not over the question of wages, but on the number of cars the trolley companies wished to run in conducting their business. This leaves the situation much as it was before.

DETACHMENT OF THE FORTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT MARCHING TO FIFTEENTH STREET.

HALSEY STREET AND BROADWAY—THE SHOOTING OF AHRENS, TUESDAY NIGHT, JANUARY 22D, BY SEVENTH REGIMENT PICKETS.



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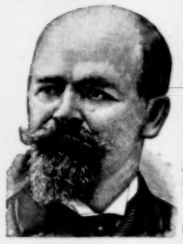

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